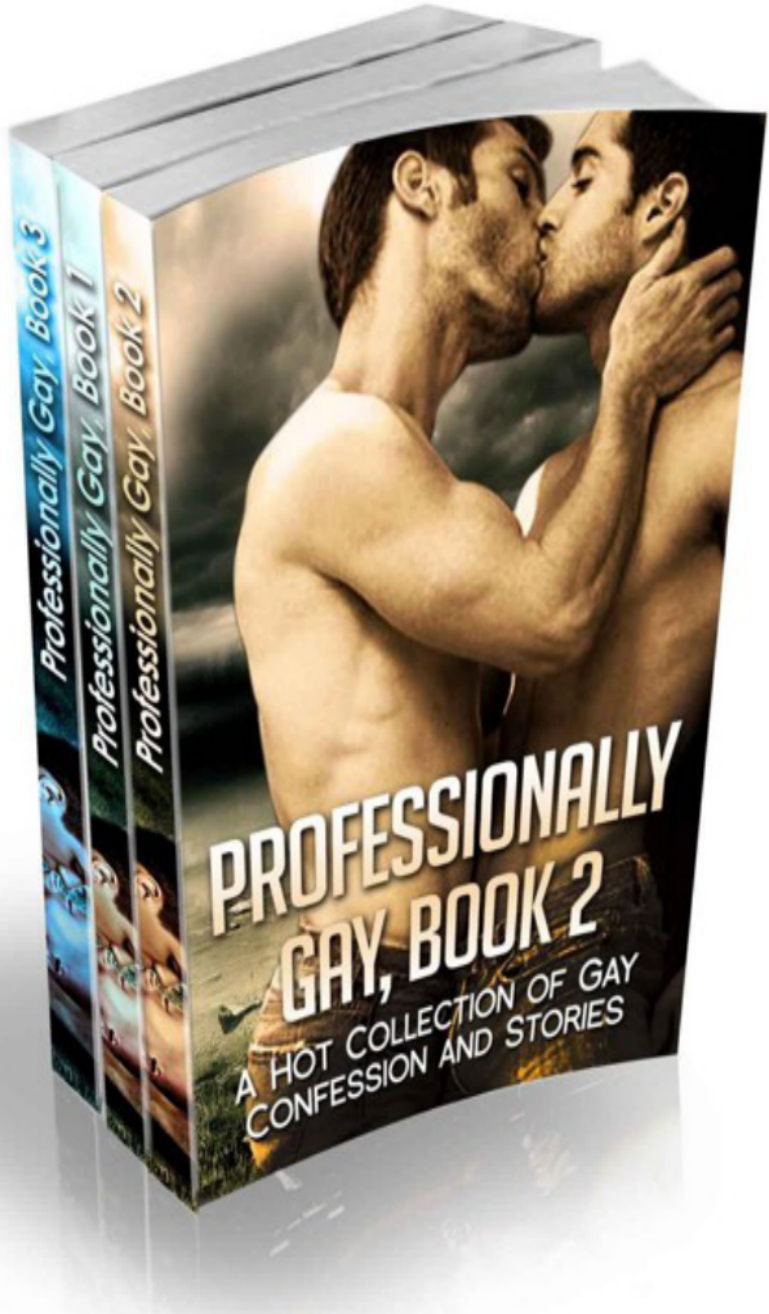
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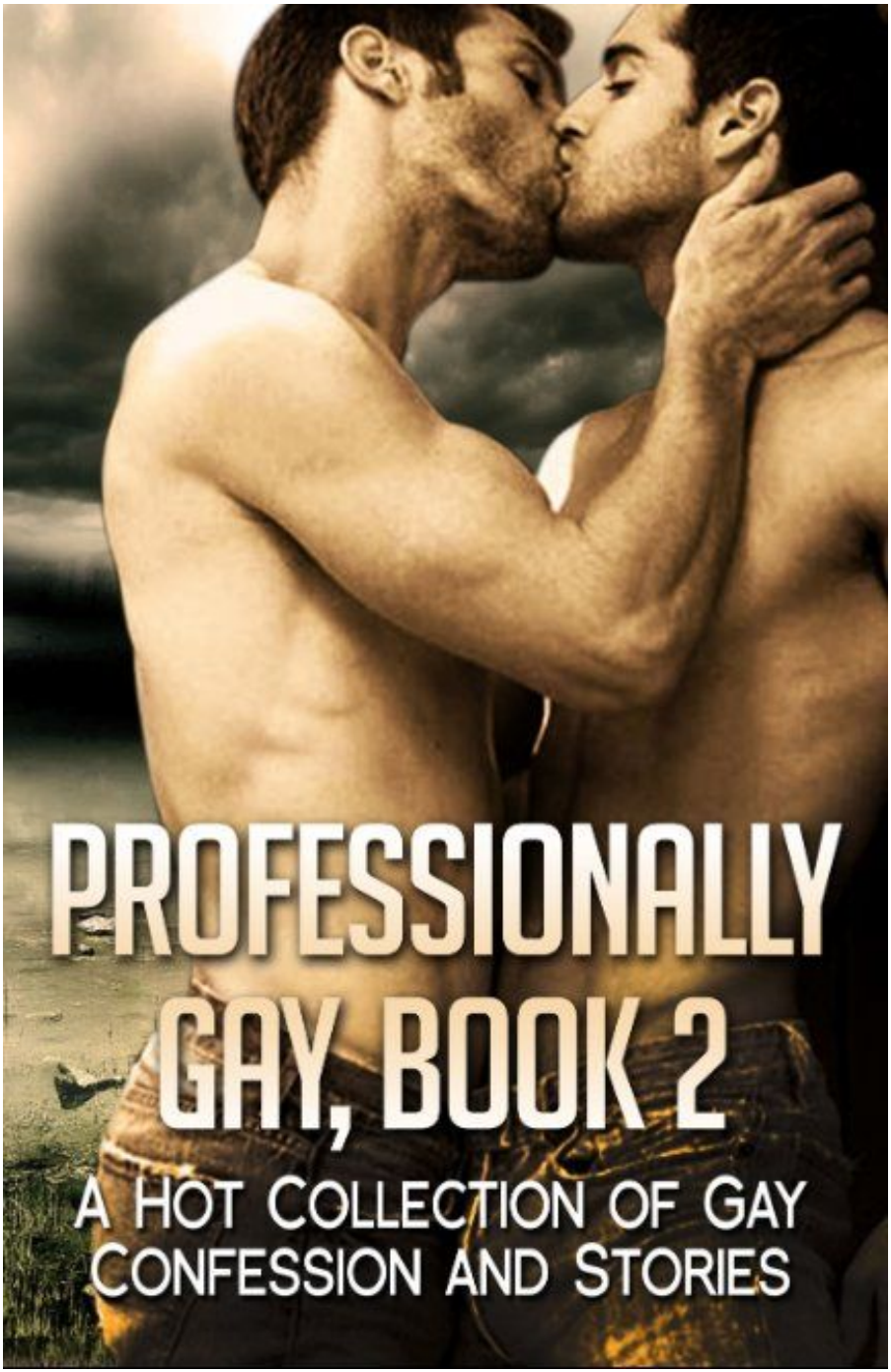
PROFESSIONALLY GAY, BOOK 2
A HOT COLLECTION OF GAY CONFESSION AND STORIES

WARNING

This book contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language. It may be considered offensive to some readers. This book is for sale to adults ONLY.

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A Hot Collection of Gay Confessions and Stories

Professionally Gay, Book 2

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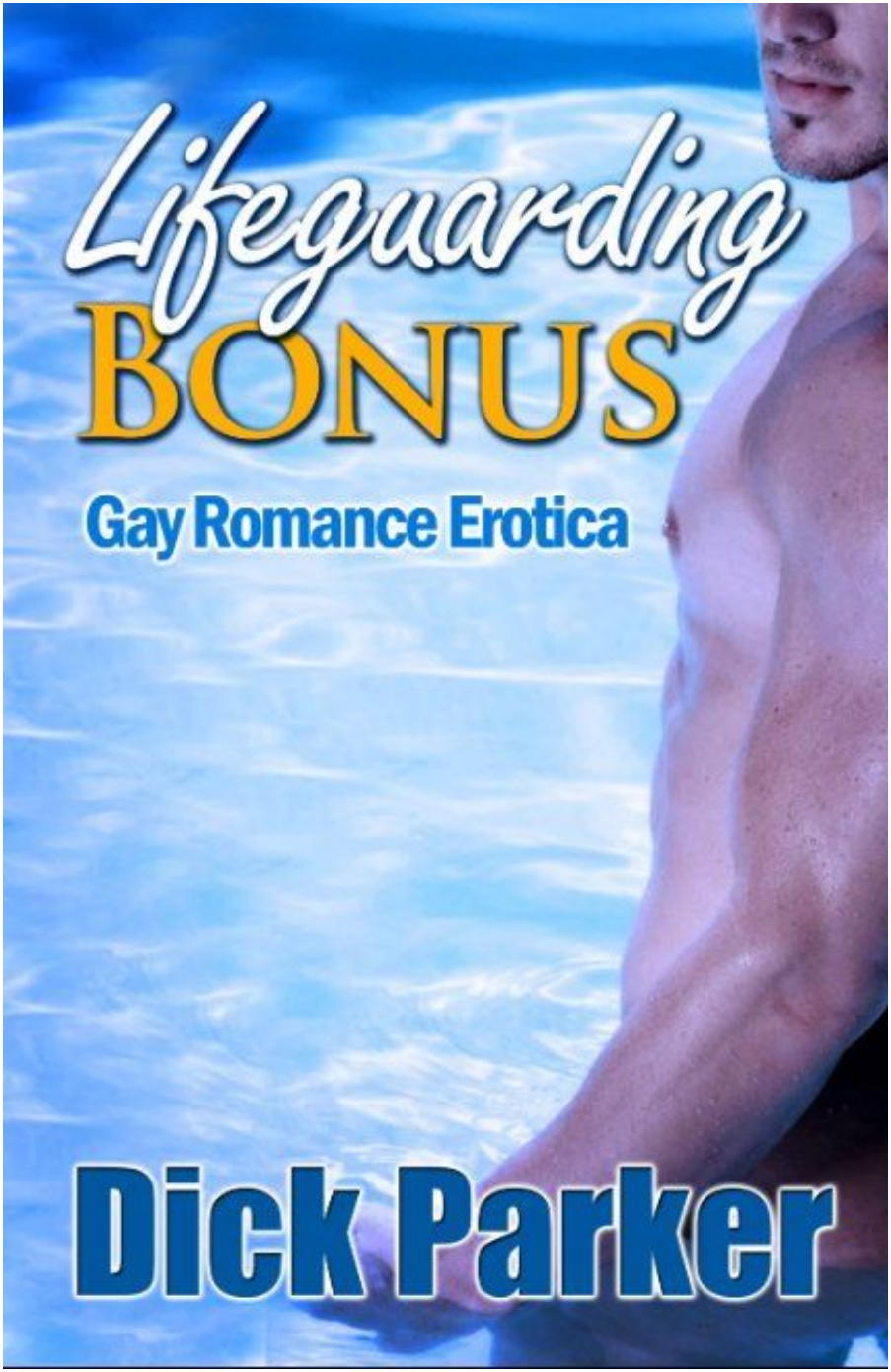

Lifeguarding
BONUS
Gay Romance Erotica
Dick Parker

The summer of my junior year in highschool I had a part-time job as a lifeguard at the municipal swimming pool. I had finally turned 18 so I could be certified as a lifeguard. I didn't work every day but was the floater who worked when other guards took a day off or were sick. It was a cool job and it allowed me to show off my tan body and sit and watch nearly naked kids, especially boys, running around the pool.

I especially liked sitting on the high lifeguard chair near the diving boards. Many times boys would dive off the high board and lose their trunks when they hit the water. I got a peek at quite a few nice white asses as they climbed the ladder at my feet.

One day about half way through the summer I noticed a new boy as he came from the changing house. He caught my eye right away as he was a damn hottie. He looked to be about 17 or 18, was about 5' 7" and slim. He was very tan and had light brown hair that was bleached out to blond. He was wearing an aqua blue speedo that barely contained his package, in fact I could see a few light brown pubic hairs peeking up from the front of his speedo. When he turned and looked down the pool at where I was sitting I, almost gasped. He was almost too pretty to be a boy, with a sweet face and piercing blue eyes that matched his speedo. He turned and walked to my guard chair. "Hey, do I have to pass some kind of swimming test to be on the deep end?" he asked.

"You're supposed to be able to swim the length of the pool and back," I said. "If you want to do it, I'll watch now."

He smiled up at me with an angelic face and beautiful white teeth. "Ok, I'll give it a try."

We walked past my chair and stepped up to the end of the pool right at my feet. He looked up over his shoulder at me sitting right behind him. Then I saw his eyes glance down and I realized he was looking up the leg of my red lifeguard shorts. The little shit was perving me!

He looked up at my face again and grinned and then dove into the water and swam to the other end and back easily. When he got to my end again he climbed up the ladder and I noticed his butt crack was showing about two inches and it was tan all the way….no tan line.

"You did great," I said. "Come on and enjoy the deep end and the diving boards."

He grinned up at me. "Thanks, my name is Billy," he said reaching up with his hand. When we shook I looked at his pits and could see some wispy hairs under his arms. His underarms were very tanned too.

"Nice to meet you Billy," I said. "I'm Richard."

I looked him over and up close he was about as perfect as a kid could be. With long lean arms and legs and just a dusting of fine light brown hair on his legs. He had perfect feet, with nice shaped toes and short manicured nails. But his face, holy shit, he was just perfect.

"So are you new in town?" I asked.

"I'm staying with my grandma. My parents went to Italy for vacation and I didn't want to go. So I'm staying with my granny."

"For how long?"

"About three weeks."

While we talked he stepped closer and was just in front of me and to the left where he could see up my shorts leg. I noticed that he was looking and not trying to hide it.

"You see anything up there you like?" I asked.

He grinned. "Yeah, I do. What time do you get off work?"

Jeez, I couldn't believe this little shit. He was hitting on me. "The pool closes at 5 and then re-opens at 7. I usually just grab a soda and sandwich and go down to the river and relax. Interested in going with?"

He nodded his head. "You bet. I'm gonna swim now, then we can "relax" at 5," he said grinning.

"Before we make plans, how old are you?" I asked.

"I'm legal," he said grinning. "I turned 18 last week.

I had a hard time keeping my mind on the swimmers for the next couple of hours. I watched Billy and he was like a fish. He dove like an Olympian and swam like a sprinter. The kid must have lived in the water at home.

When it was about quarter to five, he came over by my guard chair. "Almost time to relax," he said with a shit-eating grin on his face.

"Yeah, it sure is. Where do you live?" I asked.

"Up north near Hayward. We live right on the lake. I have my own small boat, and I spend all day on the water or on a small island in the middle of the lake." He looked around to see if anyone was close. "When I go out in the boat, I get naked and spend the whole day naked in the boat or on the island," he said quietly.

"Wow, no wonder you don't have a tan line."

Now I was half hard and had to concentrate not to spring a full boner right there in the pool. Finally the clock said five o'clock and we blew our whistles and told everyone that the pool was closed. Billy got his basket and it contained some flip-flops and a tank top and towel and waited for me outside the fence. I put my stuff away and grabbed my basket and changed into some cutoffs and a tee shirt and flip-flops. Billy was waiting for me and we went to my car and got in. I was backing up to head toward the A & W when I felt his hand on my crotch. I looked down and he had his hand up my shorts leg and was trying to reach my cock. "Jeez, you horny little shit," I said. "Can't you wait until we get out of the parking lot?"

"Fuck no, I'm so horny. I want to suck you, really really bad. I've been looking at that cock of yours all afternoon and I want to taste it."

I drove right past the A & W and headed down a sand road that ran down by the river. It was a pretty desolate place and not many people came there. By the time I got to the river Billy had my cock hard and was lying on the seat licking the head. "Holy shit, get that thing out, I want to suck it," he said.

"Come on," I said getting out of the car. He scampered out and grabbed my hand and we walked down a trail to the river. There

was a nice sandbar right there and we stopped in the shade of the trees. He stepped in front of me and dropped to his knees and began undoing my cutoffs. My cock was aching to get free and when he unzipped my pants my cock sprang up and hit him in the face, smearing precum all over his chin. He grabbed it and stuck it in his mouth and began deep throating me. "Damn, slow down, you'll have me cumming in no time," I said. "I want this to last a little while."

He removed my cock from his mouth and licked my balls. "Take the rest of your clothes off," he said. I did and then he stood up and slipped off his tank top and then grinned as he slowly slid his speedo down his legs. Wow, this kid was hung like a horse. His cock was a good 7 inches with a huge pear shaped head. It looked all the bigger since his bush was only about half an inch thick and three inches wide. He had huge balls that hung down like eggs under his dick, which was sticking straight up against his belly. He had me by a good inch and a half and I thought I had a pretty good dick.

"Whoa, that's some cock," I said. Then I knelt down and took the thing in my hand. It was hot and throbbed as I pulled it down so I could suck it. It smelled of chlorine from the pool but tasted lovely. I slipped the head into my mouth and ran my tongue around the rim of his head. He began to groan as I swallowed about half of the huge thing. That was all I could manage to get in my mouth. Then I sucked each of his nice nuts into my mouth and he giggled that it tickled. I put my hand on his firm butt cheeks and squished them between my fingers. His ass was perfect. He was bucking into my mouth and I knew he wouldn't last long at that rate, but I couldn't take that cock from my mouth. It didn't take but a few seconds more and he gasped and I felt his cock throb and he filled my mouth with sweet cum. He shot time and time again until I thought I'd not be able to swallow it all. Finally he quit cumming and pulled his cock from my lips.

"It's too sensitive, you got to stop sucking it."

I knelt there savoring the taste of his cum when he pulled on my arms and I knew he wanted me to stand up. I did and he went to his knees and began sucking my dick like it hadn't been sucked in a long time. This kid had sucked a few dicks in his day. It didn't take long and he had me close. "I'm about there, Billy," I said.

"Let it shoot," he said.

When I began to cum he deep throated me and sucked my dick so hard that I nearly keeled over. I shot five or six shots down his throat and then he slid up and sucked on my dick head like it was a popsicle. I couldn't stand it anymore and made him let loose of my dick.

We were both spent so we lay down in the warm sand side by side. "Jeez Billy, you're one hot little shit. Where did you learn to suck cock like that?"

He looked over at me. "I got a couple of buddies at home who like to do it. We go out in the boat and suck and fuck all day."

I got up on one elbow and looked at him. He was dark brown from head to toe. His dick, balls and crotch area was just as tan as his face. I motioned for him to turn over and his bubble butt looked like a couple of brown little pillows. I rubbed my hand over his cute ass and he moaned. Then I leaned over and pulled his butt cheeks apart and ran my finger up and down his butt crack. He arched it up and spread his legs and I leaned over and licked his cute little hairless pucker. It also tasted a little like chlorine but it was very inviting. I reached under him and his cock was hard as a stone again. He looked over his shoulder at me. "Fuck me," he said.

I spit into my hand and rubbed it on his hole and then spit again and put it on my cock. My precum was running pretty well, so I had pretty good lube. I got behind him and put my dick head at his hole. I was just about to push when he pushed back and my cock slid right into him. He began to move back and forth and all I had to do was sit still and enjoy the ride. He reached back between his legs and grabbed my nuts and hung onto them while he fucked me. It didn't take long and I could feel my cum rising and a few more thrusts and I shot into his butt. He pushed back and impaled himself on me feeling my dick unloading into his ass. We collapsed with me on top of him and lay there panting for several minutes.

When I rolled off he turned to me and his cock was hard and leaking. "It's only right that you fuck me now," I said.

His grin was as wide as the river. I got to my knees and he got behind me and began to finger my hole. I could feel his tongue on it and soon there were two fingers in and then three. "Here it comes," he said laughing.

His cock was as big as any I'd had in my ass and I thought I was going to yell stop but held back. It hurt like hell for a few minutes but finally my ass got used to his big cock sliding in and out of it. He was grunting and soon he began to groan. "I'm getting close," he said. He rammed me two more times and then he slammed it all the way as far as it would go and I felt his cock throbbing as he unloaded in my ass. He held his cock inside me until it began to shrink and then he pulled it out.

I rolled over on my back and he lay on top of me and kissed me on the lips. Up close his eyes were amazingly beautiful. I'm glad I didn't go to Italy," he said as he laid his head on my chest.

We lay there on the sand for a quite a while. In fact Billy went to sleep but I didn't mind his naked body on top of me so I just lay still and enjoyed the sight of this beautiful naked boy on top of me. Later a mosquito landed on his ass and bit him and he woke up. He looked me in the face and kissed me slightly on the lips.

"Good morning," he said grinning. I slapped him on the ass. "Good morning my butt, we better get going or I'll be late for the evening swim."

***

We got up and wiped the sand off our bodies. I loved watching Billy cleaning the sand off as his big cock swung around like a damn sausage. He caught me looking and held it out to me.

"Want a taste?" he said.

"Fuck yeah," I said. I leaned over and put his dick in my mouth and sucked on it a little and then dropped it. He was half hard already.

"Hey wait, you can't just get me boned up and then leave," he whined.

"Get dressed or you'll be walking back," I said.

He griped all the way to the car but when we started down the road he leaned over and pulled my dick out of my pants and sucked it half hard, then put it away.

“I’m going to have to spank your ass later,” I said laughing.

“Oh please,” he said.

We got back to the pool and I changed into my lifeguard shorts. Billy put his speedo on again and came out to the pool just after I’d gotten into the high guard chair.

He swam and dived and I watched him and the rest of the swimmers. Once he came up from the bottom of the pool to the ladder right below my chair and looked up and grinned.

“What?” I asked.

He looked down toward the water. He was still just at his waist in the water and his cock was hanging out of the leg of his speedo.

“Jeez, put that thing away,” I whispered.

Finally the time to close came and everyone got out of the pool. We put things away and I changed back to my tee shirt and shorts and walked to the car. Billy was sitting in the front seat waiting for me. He had his towel wrapped around his waist and I got in and started the car.

“Where are we going?” he asked.

“My family has a little hunting cabin out of town a couple of miles,” I said. “I go there sometimes and spend the night. Want to come along?”

Billy grinned and nodded yes. “Am I dressed for it?” he asked. He pulled his towel off and he was buck naked sitting in my front seat.

“Holy shit, put that back on,” I said.

“Why?”

“What if we get stopped by a cop?”

“I’ll wrap it back up,” he said. “Hurry up and take me to this cabin, I have a need of a dick in my ass.”

I drove as fast as I could without getting a ticket and we pulled into the little yard of the cabin. It was up in a deep valley and no one ever was there but my family. Billy got out naked and walked across the grass.

"Get naked, let's fuck out here on that picnic table," he said.

I laughed and took off my shorts and tee shirt and we both were as naked as the day we were born. He walked up to me and we wrapped our arms around each other and began making out, walking toward the picnic table. When we got there Billy lay back on the table and I got on my knees. He lifted his legs up exposing his beautiful little asshole and I leaned forward and licked it and lubed it up.

He was moaning and begged me to fuck him so I lubed up my dick and slowly pushed it into his butt. He writhed around loving every minute of it and began jacking his cock as I fucked him.

"How close are you?" I asked.

"I'm ready, just tell me when," he replied.

I rammed into him two more times and my dick began to shoot. "Now" I said.

Billy jacked himself two more times and shot cum clear up onto his forehead. We both were pumping cum at the same time. I felt his ass clench my dick as he shot each squirt of cum.
I fell forward on top of Billy and he put his arms around me and we kissed. We were both sweating and panting.

"Can we sleep here tonight?" he asked.

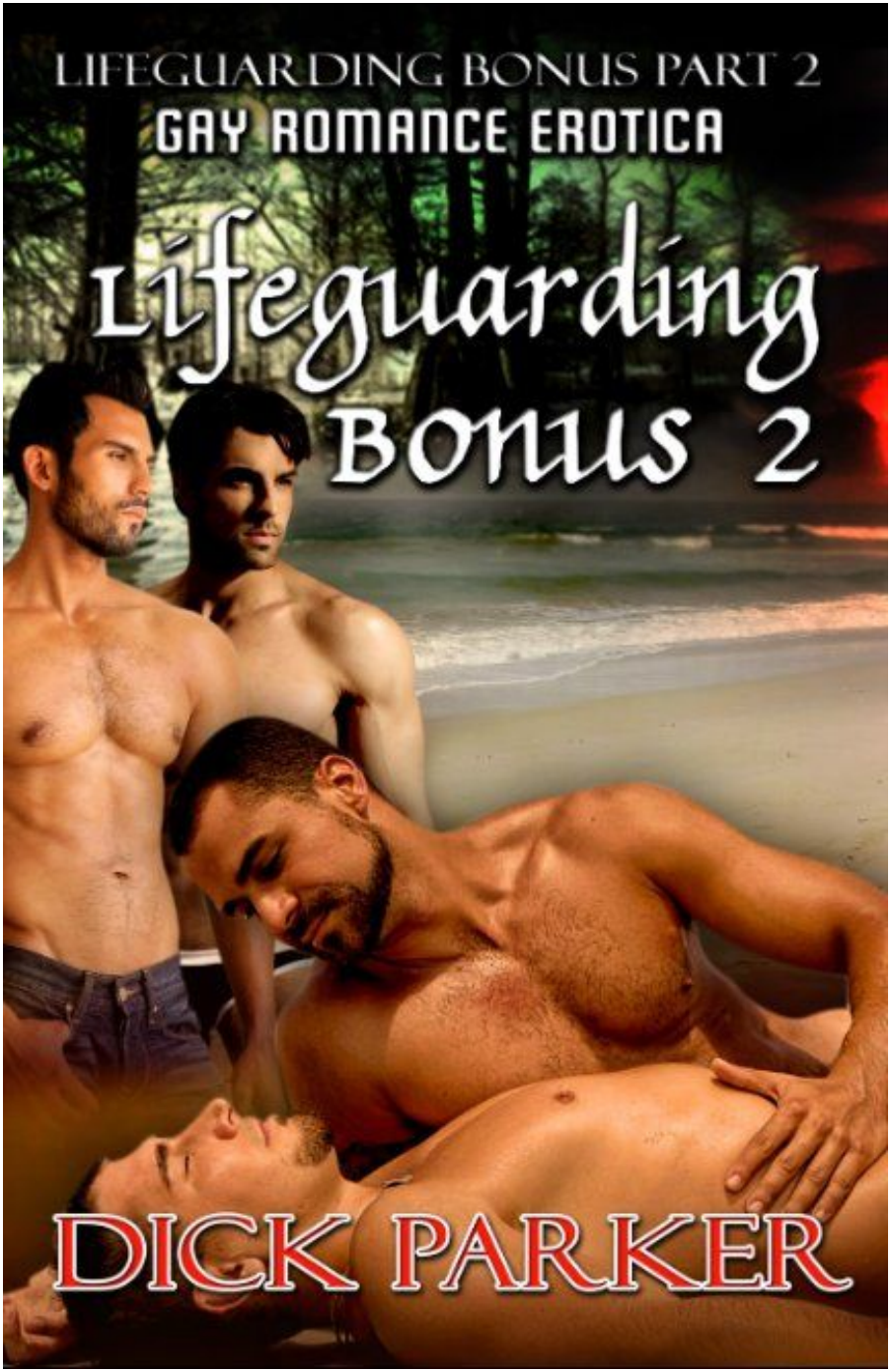
"Yeah, we have some food here and there's a bed, but only one bed."

He grinned, "Do I have to worry about you taking advantage of me while we sleep?"

"Of course you do."

He got an evil grin on his face, "Well I hoped so."

To be continued…


LIFEGUARDING BONUS PART 2
GAY ROMANCE EROTICA
Lifeguarding
Bonus 2
DICK PARKER

The day after Billy and I had wild sex at the river, I didn't have to work at the pool. Billy wanted to get together and I was all for that. I picked him up at his grandmother's place and we went to the drive-in and had burgers and then decided to go to the river and swim out to a sandbar and get naked and have some fun. Billy was all boned up at the drive-in and I had done all I could do to keep his hands out of my cutoffs while we ate.

"I'm so fucking horny," he said, rubbing his cock through his pants.

"Be patient, keep that anaconda in your pants until we get to the river," I told him, grinning.

Billy had a dandy cock, a strong 7 inches of hot boy meat….and he knew how to use it too. I could hardly take my eyes off him. He was almost too pretty to be a boy. His face was gorgeous, with beautiful eyes, long lashes and blond hair partly covering his forehead. His slim body was luscious looking under his tee shirt and baggy shorts. I knew exactly what he had in those shorts and couldn't wait to get at it again.

We drove down to the river and parked at the riverbank. There wasn't a good sandbar with willows on it right there so we walked about half a mile along the shore and then waded out to a nice sandbar. It wasn't very far from the riverbank and the water was shallow so it was easy to get to. When we got to the sandbar Billy stepped up to me and put his arms around me and began to kiss me and grope my cock.

"Let's get naked!" he said urgently.

I was also ready to go but didn't want to get caught. "Let's at least go back in the willows so we don't get caught if a boat comes past," I suggested.

He grabbed my hand and led me back into the thick willows until we found a nice opening. Then he stripped my shirt up over my head and unsnapped my cutoffs and pulled them down. My 6-inch cock popped up and he grinned as he dropped to his knees and began to suck me. I reached down and pulled his shirt off and he got out of his shorts as he sucked my cock.

"Oh man, I love this big fat thing," he said as he took it deep.

As much as I loved his mouth on my cock I wanted to taste him too. "Stand up here, I want to suck you," I said.

Billy stood up and his big 7-incher was right in my face. He had a big drop of precum on the piss slit and I licked that off and then engulfed his cock almost all the way to his pubes. "Oh my gosh!" he gasped. I pulled on his nuts and fondled them as I sucked his beautiful cock. "Oh man I'm gonna cum real quick if you keep that up," he said.

"You can cum more than once," I said.

He nodded and I went deep again. Billy's cock jumped and my mouth was filled with his hot cum. He squirted three times and then I sucked on the knob until he quit dribbling. I licked him clean and he pulled it from my mouth. "Oh man, even my toes trembled," he said. He pulled me up and began to suck me.

"Come on, let's go in the trees."

It was two young voices.

Billy stopped sucking my cock and I squatted down next to him.

"You think anybody else is around?"

"No, that car is way up river."

"Who's that?" Billy whispered.

I shook my head. "I don't know, sit still and let's listen."

We heard the two boys moving through the willows and then they stopped about twenty feet from us. "Here's a good place," the one said.

"Yeah, no body's gonna see us here…"

It was silent for a minute.

"Take yours out." One of them said.

"You too."

Billy looked at me and grinned. "They're doing the same thing we're doing," he whispered. I nodded and grinned.

"Wow yours is really big," the one voice said. "Yeah, it's been growing for a while. Now that I turned 18 I think it's done though."

"I think mine is done too. I've been 18 for two months and I don't think it's grown since them."

"Umm that feels good, pull on it like that."

"You pull mine too."

Billy grinned and reached over and began pulling on my cock. His was hard as a stone again too.

"Let's get naked and you know… suck on them?"

"Yeah, lets."

Billy leaned close to me. "Let's sneak over there and see who it is."

I nodded and motioned for him to be real quiet. We snuck toward the voices. It was slow going through the willows, especially if you were trying to be quiet.

"Oh that feels good, lick my nuts too," one of the boys said.

"You like that?" the other said. "Yeah, lick it like that."

My cock was hard and leaking and I could see Billy's was too. We were getting close and soon I could see an opening in the willows. I pointed and Billy nodded. "Right there," I said.

"Oh that's good, suck it like that."

"Are you gonna cum?"

"Pretty soon."

We got a little closer and then we could see through the trees and there were the two boys. I knew them from the swimming pool. They were both in my class at school. One was a little shit, only about 5 feet 2 who was real tiny and skinny. He was one of those little wrestlers who seemed never to grow. He had freckles and short brown hair. The other was a blond kid, a little taller and better built, who was pretty cute and had a nice body. They were lying end to end and sucking each other's cocks like there was no tomorrow.

We knelt there in the willows watching them and suddenly Billy grabbed my cock and began to jack me off slowly. It surprised me and I jumped and rattled some willows next to me. The kids stopped and took their mouths off the other's cock and listened.

"Did you hear that?" the blond one said.

"Uh huh, what was it?"

"Dunno, maybe a bird or something?"

They sat up and the skinny kid looked right at us. He didn't see us at first and then he looked closer and I think he saw Billy's blond hair.

"There's somebody over there," he whispered hurriedly to his pal. The other kid looked too and they jumped up and began throwing on their clothes.

"Hey, wait guys," Billy stood up with his big 7-inch boner waving. "You guys don't have to go, we're not going to tell." The kids stopped and looked at Billy's cock.

"Who're you?"

"I'm Billy, I'm here visiting my granny."

"Who's with you?"

I thought what the hell and I stood up. "Just me," I said. The kids looked surprised.

"You? Are you and Billy… um, what're you guys doing?"

Billy and I walked toward them. When we came out in their

clearing they knew exactly what we were doing. We both were standing there with big hard-ons.

"We were doing the same thing you guys are doing."

The skinny kid looked at his buddy and grinned.

"You guys wanta play?"

Billy grinned at me. "I think that could be arranged."

I was a little less enthusiastic. "You guys got to be quiet about this," I said.

"Don't worry we're not gonna tell anybody, you think we want the rest of our friends to know?"

We stepped closer and the two boys came to us and we stood there looking at each other's naked bodies. The blond kid's name was Chris and he had a cock that was about 5 inches, pretty thick and a pretty nice blondish bush. The little guy was Alex and his cock was about 6 inches and as thick as a wiener. His balls were just starting to hang loose and he had a couple of dozen hairs above his cock. Chris had pretty nice armpit hairs but Alex had none. It seemed that those little wrestlers were late bloomers. They dieted so much they even got puberty later than normal. They looked down at our cocks.

"So, could we…like, can we touch them?" Chris said.

I stepped up to him and put my hand on his cock.

"Go ahead," I said.

He reached out and took my cock in his hand and began to slowly jack me. Billy stepped up to Alex and began pulling on his wiener. Alex was grinning from ear to ear as he took Billy's big cock in his hand.

"Oh man I hope mine gets this big someday," he said as he pumped Billy's cock.

It wasn't long and Billy dropped to his knees and began to suck on Alex' cock. I did the same to Chris. They both seemed to be in heaven.

"Oh man you do that better than Alex," Chris cooed.

"Fuck you Chris," Alex said. I took Chris all the way to his pubes and he shuddered and I felt his cock throb and could taste his sperm in my mouth.

"Oh man, I didn't mean to do that," he said. I sucked him dry and then took his cock out.

"It's ok, I like to drink cum."

He grinned. "So do I," he said, and he dropped to his knees and began to suck me. He did a pretty good job of it and soon my cock began to tickle.

"I'm close Chris," I warned. He mumbled something and a minute later I began to shoot into his mouth. He gulped and swallowed and didn't miss a drop.

Meanwhile Alex was gasping and groaning as Billy sucked his cock. Soon he began to whimper and grabbed Billy's head and shoved his hips forward and held on. I could see Billy sucking and then Alex let loose and nearly collapsed to the ground. "Oh man, oh man," he said.

Billy opened his mouth and stuck out his tongue. There was a good gob of thick cum on his tongue.

Billy's cock was the only one still hard and Alex recovered his senses and grabbed it and began to suck it. "Oh man this is a hell of a cock," he said to Chris. Chris walked on his knees over to Billy and began to play with his balls and rub his butt cheeks while Alex sucked him. I just stood there and watched and played with my own cock.

Soon Billy began to hold his breath and I knew he was about to shoot. "Get ready Alex," he said. Suddenly Alex choked and cum shot out of the side of his mouth. He kept on Billy's cock and took as much as he could but still his face was covered with cum by the time he finished him off.

He pulled Billy's cock from his mouth. "Holy shit, he nearly drowned me." We all laughed and Chris leaned over and licked the cum from Alex' face and then kissed him on the lips. Billy looked at

me and grinned.

"You two are pretty cool kids," he said.

"Thanks, you guys are cool too."

We all sat down in the sand naked and just kind of rested. "So how long have you guys been messing around?" I asked Chris.

"We kind of started a month ago when Alex slept over one Saturday. I have a double bed and we started talking about jacking off and stuff and one thing led to another and we had our dicks out. Then we decided it would be fun to do each other. That led to sucking and I guess that's where we are now. We found out we liked to fool around with each other."

"That's cool," Billy said.

"Do you guys do other stuff?" Alex asked.

"Like what?" Billy said.

"You know, like put it in your butt?"

Billy looked at me and grinned. "Yeah we've done that."

Chris looked at Alex. "See? I told you that we could do that."

"Well, I thought you were joking."

Chris said to Billy, "You guys gonna do that today?"

Billy looked at me. "Are we?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I guess we could…. you guys want to watch?"

The two kids broke out in a big grin. "Boy, do we!"

Billy and I knee-walked toward each other and when we got together we put our arms around each other and began making out. Soon both of our cocks were hard and standing up. Billy sucked my nipples and kissed my neck. "You want to do me?" I asked quietly.

"Sure," he said.

I lay back with him on top of me and we kissed and ground our bodies together. Chris and Alex were mesmerized. Soon Billy moved down and sucked my cock a minute and then I raised my legs and he knelt down between my thighs and began to lick my asshole.

"Oh my gosh," Alex whispered.

Billy licked me and got me all wet and then spit on his hand and lubed up his big cock. He moved up and put the head at my hole.

"Fuck me," I said quietly.

Billy smiled and kissed me and then began to push his cock into my ass. It hurt but I didn't say a word and soon he was all the way in. The hurt began to turn to pleasure. I opened my eyes and Chris and Alex were behind Billy on their hands and knees, looking at his cock going in and out of my ass. They each had their hands on their hard cocks as they slowly jacked themselves.

"Can you see ok?" I said.

"Yeah, thanks."

Billy and I both burst out laughing.

Billy began to increase his pace and soon I knew he was getting close to cumming.

"Chris, jack me off," I said.

Chris moved over and took my hard cock in his hand and began to jack me as Billy slammed my ass. Alex just watched, wide-eyed. Billy began to slam into me and then he stopped and closed his eyes and I could feel his cock throbbing. Chris kept pumping my cock and then leaned down and put it in his mouth. As soon as his hot mouth touched my cock I shot cum out into his mouth.

Billy collapsed on top of me and we kissed. I could feel Billy's cock softening and soon, is slipped from my ass. Alex and Chris were looking things over pretty close back there. Soon we sat up and the two kids knelt down by us.

“Wow, that was really cool,” Alex said.

“Does it hurt a lot?”

“A little at first,” I said.

“It gets feeling really nice after that,” Billy said.

They looked at each other.

“You want to?” Alex said.

“If you do.”

Billy looked at me and grinned.

“You guys gonna try it?” he asked.

They both nodded.

“I want Chris to do it to me,” Alex said.

Alex lay down on the sand and raised his legs up with a shit-eating grin on his face. Chris knelt between his legs and leaned forward. “No farting now,” he said. Alex burst out laughing. Chris got right in there and looked at Alex’s cute little asshole. He sniffed it.

“Smells ok,” he said.

Then he stuck out his tongue and touched it. Alex jumped. “Was that your cock?”

“No my tongue,” Chris said. Then he licked it again and it seemed he was getting into it. Soon he was licking it vigorously and seemed to like it. Alex was really enjoying it and was pulling on his hard little boner. Chris lubed up his cock and put it to Alex’s ass.

“Ready?”

“Ok.”

He pushed and Alex groaned. Chris pushed some more and the

head of his cock popped in.

"Oh man," Alex gasped.

"Are you ok?"

"Go ahead," he said.

Chris took his time and in no time he had his 5 inches buried in little Alex's ass. "Oh man, it's starting to feel real nice," Alex cooed. Alex wrapped his skinny legs around Chris and soon they were fucking like old pros. Chris was going like a bunny and soon he slammed into Alex and held it and we knew he was shooting his cum. He grunted a few times and closed his eyes.

"Hold it in there," Billy said and leaned over and took Alex's cock in his mouth and began to suck him. It didn't take a minute and Alex let out a moan and humped up into Billy's mouth as he came.

Chris lay on top of Alex and they held each other for a minute and caught their breath. Then he got off and sat in the sand looking kind of spent. "Wow, that was amazing," he said.

I smiled at him. "You liked that, huh?"

"I liked it a lot."

"How about you, Alex?" I said.

"He can do that to me anytime he likes."

We lay there resting for a while and then Alex and Chris began to mess around again. They were playing with each other's cocks and they grinned at us.

"We were thinking that maybe you guys would like to um, maybe fuck us?"

I looked at Billy.

"Are you sure you can take a dick like this?" he said, wagging his big cock.

"We'd sure like to find out."

I looked at Billy. He shrugged. “Who wants which cock?”

Alex looked at mine. “Yours is really thick. I think if I could take that one I could take any cock.”

“I think you’re right about that. Mine is about as thick as any I’ve ever seen.”

Chris said, “Okay, so how do you want to do it?”

“We’ll lay on our backs and you guys sit on our cocks. That way you can control how much you get in your butt.”

They thought that was a great idea.

I lay down and Alex straddled me. His cock was hard as a hammer handle and sticking right in my face. I leaned up and sucked it a little and then had him scoot up so his butt was over my face. I pulled his little butt cheeks apart and licked his smooth ass. He jumped when my tongue poked as his butt hole.

“Oh man that feels nice,” he cooed.

I looked over and Billy was licking Chris’ ass just the same way I was for Alex. Chris had his eyes closed and was enjoying it a lot.

Once I had Alex all lubed up, I had him take over.
“Squat on my dick and take it as much as you want,” I said.

He took hold of my dick and guided it to his hole. He sat down on it and pushed. At first I thought it wasn’t going to go in but suddenly the head popped in.

“Oh man,” he gasped.

“Take it out if it hurts too much,” I said.

“No it’s okay. I just gotta take my time.”

He was a brave little shit.

Soon he began pushing down and my cock slid farther and farther into his ass. My pubes were rubbing against his butt cheeks.

He looked down at me and grinned.

"Hey Chris," he said, "how you doin?"

Chris looked over at us. He grinned and nodded his head.

"I've got that big monster up my butt Alex, it feels damn nice too."

Billy looked at me and smirked. "We found a couple of sex maniacs," he said.

The two boys began rising and lowering themselves on our cocks and in a few minutes they were both leaking precum from their hard cocks. I took hold of Alex' cock and began jacking him as Billy did the same to Chris.

"I'm getting close," I said.

"Me too," Alex replied.

He slammed up and down a couple more times and my cock began to throb and shoot cum into his butt. His hard cock began spewing and he shot a gob of cum onto my chest. I looked over and Chris was shooting onto Billy's stomach. By the look on Billy's face he was also cumming in Chris' butt.

We all came and finally we stopped and the two boys lay down on our chests with our cocks still in their butts. Alex was panting and I rubbed his back and kissed his cheek. He turned to me and I kissed him on the lips.

"Wow, that's nice," he whispered.

Billy's and my cock were shrinking and soon we both slipped out of the boys' asses. They both climbed off of us and lay down next to us on the sand. We were all spent. We lay there in the warm sun for several minutes and then I suggested we jump in the river and clean all the cum off us. We did that and then got out on the bank again and sat with our feet in the water.

"So when are you guys coming back down to this sandbar?" Chris asked.

“I have to work at the pool tomorrow,” I said. “We could come out here after we close tomorrow night.”

“How about we camp out?” Alex said excitedly.

“Yeah, we have a tent. We can come down and put it up and get everything ready and when you’re done you and Billy can come down and we can spend the night.”

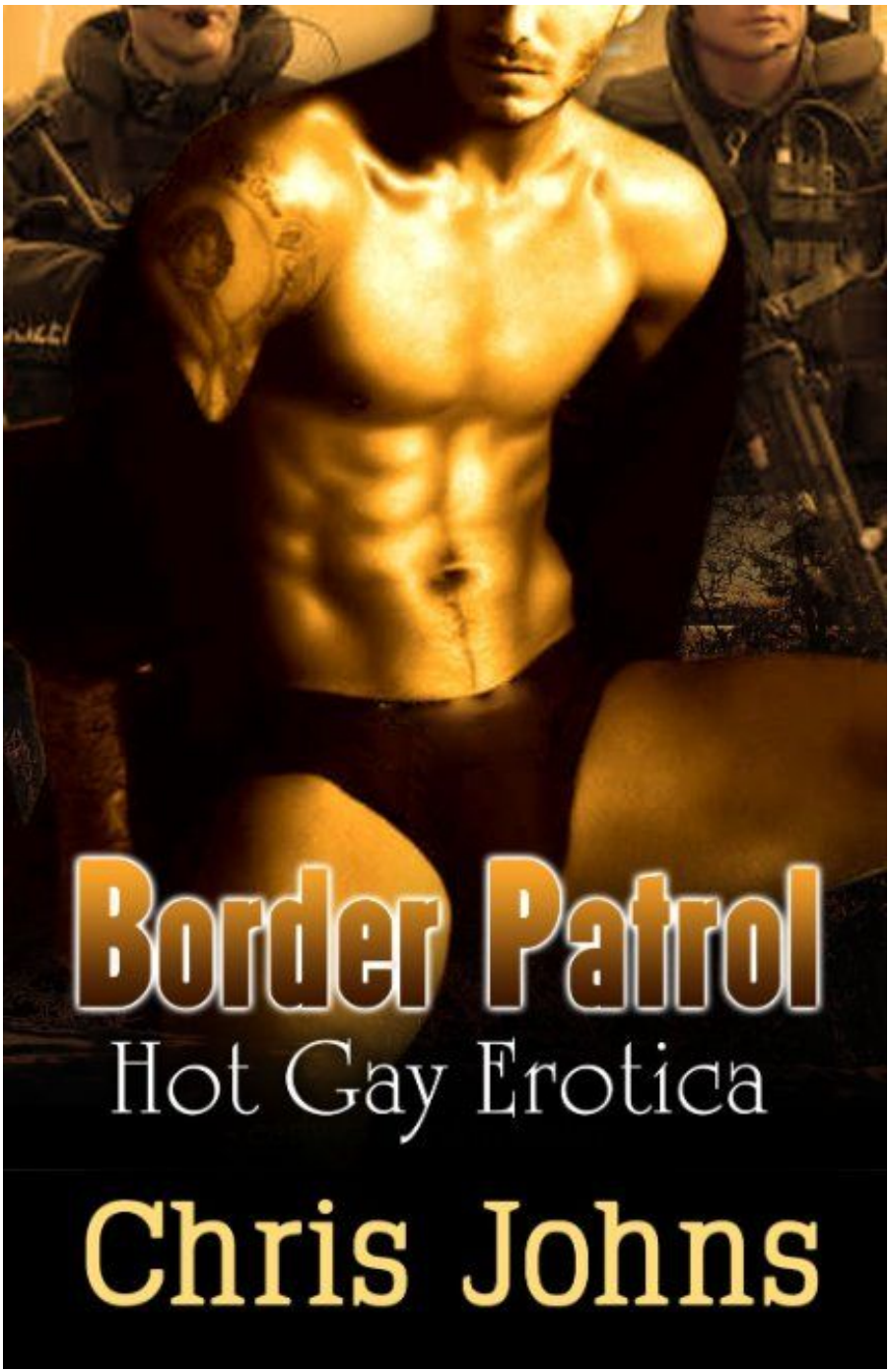
I had to grin. They had it all figured out.

“What do you think Billy?” I asked.

“Fuckin’ A,” he said, grinning.

“Fuckin’ A!” I repeated.

The End



Part 1

Patrolling this sector of the border was fine during the spring and summer months. Even in the autumn it was still pleasant, but now, in the winter, it was miserable. The choice appeared to be snow or rain, and always cold.

The patrols were on foot because the forest was too dense for vehicles and of course they were too noisy. The actual border had a fence and a road alongside it, but the commander thought roving foot patrols about a kilometre inside the border would catch more illegals because they would be less careful, now that they were across into Germany. Unfortunately he was proved correct. The patrols along the border road were always finding holes in the fence, but seldom caught anyone. But Heinrich and Jorge had captured hundreds in the year they had been doing it. On one wall in the small compound where they took the captured illegals they had rows of little men, indicating the number they had been able to return to Poland. They had started it as a joke.

“Just like our Luftwaffe Pilots marked their kills on the sides of their aircraft during the war,” Jorge had said when they started it.

There was another separate tally in a notebook Jorge kept in his locker. That was the number they had not declared, always the young pretty ones or the just plain sexy. The two young guards were gay and would on occasions, when they captured a particularly attractive guy, offer him his freedom in return for sexual favors. It was fun and in the winter lightened up otherwise dull down time. They were never refused. The young ones particularly would have sold their soul to be allowed into the West so there was never any forced sexual contact; the detainees were offered a simple choice. After they had been stripped and scoped out thoroughly the offer would be made.

“If you look as sexy when your penis is erect as you do now with it flaccid we will let you go, but not until after we have checked how good you can blow us and take our cocks up your arse.”

Some were quite enthusiastic others were very resentful but most just accepted it as the price for their freedom.

Petrov was one of the resentful ones, but he had such a superb

slim body that Jorge wanted to keep him for days.

"He will get used to it, and then he will enjoy my cock up his arse. If he becomes very good I might keep him in my apartment in Hamburg as a permanent sex toy for use during my time off."

Heinrich had laughed. He and Jorge had been friends since joining the army at eighteen, and had stayed together during their military service, joining the border patrol unit when they had served their enlisted time. The pay was good, the time off was brilliant so despite the rotten hours when they were on duty and the miserable weather in the winter they had stayed. Jorge was the joker and Heinrich loved him like a brother.

The capture of Petrov had been standard. The snow made it so easy to follow the illegals. They stopped covering their tracks about 100 metres inside the border. With their snowshoes on, Heinrich and Jorge could move much faster than the prey over the loose snow so even if they were seen early it didn't matter, the chase just lasted a little longer.

A pistol held to his temple while Jorge cuffed him and fixed a lead to the cuffs soon had him resigned to his fate and he followed without any more trouble. Once inside the accommodation he was released from his restraints and told to strip. No trouble, there seldom was, once caught they knew there was no point in fighting it. They would of course serve time in a prison at home, but then they would try again.

Jorge had a good digital camera, the same as the official one. When Petrov was naked, he took only ones for his private collection. The encrypted files on his computer were a gallery of gorgeous naked Polish boys, many of them with erections. They showed gorgeous cocks and cute butts that Jorge knew he was going to slide his cock into.

When Petrov was naked, Heinrich carried out a body search, making it as humiliating as possible to subdue any thoughts of objection at a later stage.

"Spread your legs and bend over the desk, I am going to check that you are not secreting drugs on your person."

As he was talking, Heinrich was plastering one hand with a

lubricant while Jorge had his revolver out ready to use. The humiliation was easy, a slow increase in the number of fingers being used to finger fuck him.

"This one has a really cute butt Jorge, your cock will think it has gone to heaven if you slide in here."

Jorge laughed and got the camera ready when he realized Petrov was not going to fight.

Using his own camera he took full length front and back. What he was faced with was a tall early 20's Polish man. He was slim built with fine muscle definition, slim waist and a gorgeous arse, Jorge could hardly contain himself, he so wanted to cup those two perfect little cheeks in his hands and then spread them so that he could see his little rosebud. Short, black hair, almost black eyes and long, but well-proportioned face made for a very sexy picture.

Petrov

"You are a very sexy looking man Petrov, if you get an erection and we still like what we see, you will be invited to suck our cocks. Then we will see how good it feels to slide them into your arse. When we have enjoyed your body fully, we will let you go provided you never mention that you were captured if you are ever caught by the authorities."

The boy was obviously thinking about this, was it worth being buggered to get into Germany, and if he allowed it, would they keep their word? The risks he had already taken to get this far made him shudder, and he really didn't want to go to a prison in his motherland, they were quite grim.

Acquiesce and put it behind him when it was finished. He took his hands away from his groin and started to play with himself. When he was erect he dropped his hands to his sides and looked at his captors.

"Oh my God, Heinrich, I don't know about him sucking me, I know I am going down on him as soon as we have showered."

Petrov was surprised and pleased that whatever they were going to do to him, and make him do to them it was going to be with clean bodies, he was badly in need of this shower, he had been

running and hiding for days as he approached the border. It would be heaven to be clean again.

Heinrich remained clothed and ready for action as he watched Jorge thoroughly pamper Petrov in the showers.

“This will warm you up Petrov I can see you are still cold from your exposure. My name is Jorge and I am going to take my time to make love to you. I think you are a very sexy man.”

Petrov was confused, he was expecting to be raped and humiliated, not pampered and made love to.

“How old are you?”

Petrov told him. “I am 21, Jorge.” He said the name hesitantly which made Jorge laugh.

“I am 21 as well, we should be friends.”

Petrov relaxed, and as he did so he took in more of this young German who was now being so nice to him. Jorge was bigger than Petrov in build, he also had a big penis which Petrov could see clearly now, and it was bigger than his. The thought of being fucked by it was not the most thrilling, but perhaps it wouldn’t hurt too much if Jorge was gentle with him.

“Have you ever played with boys sexually Petrov?”

The Pole shook his head.

“Well, I am going to have lots of fun teaching you how to pleasure me and I will do that by pleasuring you.”

Jorge was thoroughly enjoying this. Petrov looked quite fierce but he was proving to be a little darling. He was gently spoken and appeared to have accepted his lot. His German was very good as well. Jorge thought he would probably meld in quite well with the German people. He was of course black haired so not a true Aryan, but lots of Germans were as well with all the interbreeding that had gone on since the war.

Jorge thoroughly soaped Petrov’s body before gently fondling his cock and balls. It felt so good. The cock was very hard but the ball

sac still had enough play in it to please Jorge. The Pole was clearly excited by all this attention and made no objection when Jorge told him to turn round. The butt was exquisite and Jorge couldn't resist moving in close so that his cock was lodged in the crack between the perfect little cheeks.

"You feel so good, and look so exciting. I know I am going to take you to Paradise."

The feel of another man's cock sliding up and down between his cheeks should have upset him, but Petrov realized he was enjoying it. Jorge continued to play with him and stroke him until he thought he would orgasm if it went on.

"I am almost ready to cum Jorge, you excite me so much."

Jorge was so pleased. He turned Petrov back round, made sure that both of them were free of soap and then dropped to his knees and took Petrov's cock into his mouth. Just a few inches so that he could swab the glans with his tongue. Too much for Petrov after all the stimulation, he came almost immediately and was horrified that Jorge had no time to pull off. The horror turned to surprise when he realized that Jorge was sucking him gently, taking all his cum as he went soft.

"Mmm, that tasted so good, I think I am going to want to do that again before we release you."

He stood up then, took Petrov in his arms and kissed him softly on the lips. This was amazing, Petrov didn't know what to do or say. He loved everything this German guard was doing to him.

Jorge

Heinrich was watching all of this and was as amazed as Petrov at his friend's actions. They had been together for years, and in this job for over a year and he had never seen Jorge show such affection for a detainee. Usually it was a suck and fuck before throwing them out, but here he was pampering this one in the shower and going down on him, and then kissing him. What on earth was going on?

When Jorge took Petrov through to the sleeping quarters instead of just fucking him over the desk, Heinrich knew it was time to step in.

"Jorge, this boy is just a fuck, he isn't your new boyfriend."

Jorge blushed a deep red as he looked at his friend.

"I'm sorry Heinrich. I have feelings for this man that I have never had for any of the other detainees. I want to make love to him, not just rape him. I know I have to let you have a go as well, but please, be gentle with him when it is your turn."

Heinrich shook his head, but he watched as his friend kissed and cuddled this sexy young Pole.

When Jorge positioned so that they were 69ing he spoke to Petrov.

"Do the same to me as I am doing to you, but neither of us must cum yet."

Heinrich was monstrously erect watching all this foreplay. After a while, he stripped and disappeared to take his own shower. He was going to get in on this action it just looked so erotic. When he came back, still naked, he very quickly came back to a full erection. Jorge now had the prisoner on all fours and he was rimming him. Using both hands to spread Petrov's cheeks wide, he had his tongue buried as deep as he could get it. When he came up for air, he looked at his friend, smiled and said, "This boy is exquisite Hein, I have never had so much pleasure making love." Heinrich laughed.

"I don't think I have ever seen you so happy Jorge, perhaps I should make love to you instead of the Pole when you are finished."

Both young men were laughing and Jorge rolled Petrov over onto his back again, cuddling him before he spoke to him.

"Would you like to watch my friend fuck me after I have made love to you?" Petrov looked surprised, and then amused.

"Yes, I think I would, perhaps he could do it without you fucking me first." That was enough for all three to have a fit of the giggles before Jorge became serious again.

"Please Petrov, I want to make love to you. I think you are so sexy." Petrov was surprised and looked at his captor with a quizzical expression.

“But you don’t need to ask, you know I will let you so that I can be free in your country.”

“Yes, I know, but I won’t penetrate you if you don’t want me to. We can both have wonderful orgasms just using our mouths and hands.” Heinrich sat down with a bump and a look of shock on his face.

“You aren’t serious Jorge.”

“Yes, I’m serious. I think this man is special. I want to make love to him for a long time, but only if he is enjoying it.”

“In that case I am definitely going to fuck you. I’m horny and this is the first chance of a fuck this week.”

Jorge was an anal virgin, he and Heinrich had never indulged in mutual sex even though they were old friends and both gay. He thought about it and realized he was prepared to give up his own virginity to protect this man lying alongside him.

“Alright, you can fuck me after I have finished making love to Petrov.”

Jorge returned to the 69 position and brought Petrov to a wonderful orgasm almost the same time as the reverse happened. Jorge was amazed that this boy swallowed all his cum, but was pleased as well. He swivelled back round, and while they calmed down planted loads of little kisses all over Petrov’s face, particularly the lips.

“All right Hein, where do you want me? You’ll have to open me up first or you will damage me because I’m a virgin.”

Petrov was amazed that this German was going to give up his anal virginity for him.

“I want you over the desk, like we normally have the illegals.”

Petrov watched, mouth agape as Heinrich squatted behind his friend and started pushing fingers into him. It was incredibly erotic and he got a monstrously hard erection on. Heinrich noticed it and pointed it out to Jorge.

“Perhaps I should let him fuck you after I have taken your virginity my friend.”

Jorge looked at Petrov’s straining cock and wondered.

‘Let me get Heinrich satisfied first and then I will think about it,’ was what Jorge thought and what he said to Heinrich was.

“I’ll see after I find out whether I like it.”

Heinrich lubed himself and Jorge’s arse before gently sliding over his sphincter. Naturally it hurt to start with and Petrov noted the pain in Jorge’s eyes. When it went Jorge told Heinrich he could continue. It looked so erotic Petrov was almost peeing pre-cum which didn’t go unnoticed.

“Mmm, I should have been doing this for the last three years Jorge, you feel incredible to fuck.”

“I think I should have let you. I know how good it feels to fuck, but I had no idea it would feel so good having a cock sliding in and out of me. Perhaps in future when we fuck the illegals I will let them fuck me afterwards.”

“When I finish Petrov I think you had better be ready to take my place, this slut is obviously enjoying having a cock in his arse.”

“You’re right, but Petrov, I want you to make love to me on my bed not here.”

This was getting so raunchy that Heinrich sped up and fucked Jorge hard to orgasm. Both young men squealing with the pleasure as Jorge came at the same time.

Petrov determined he was going to be very gentle with this odd man who was being kind to him, but was obviously a homosexual.

When they were on the bed with Jorge on his back, Petrov did the same as they had been doing mutually earlier, but added to it was gentle finger fucking of Jorge’s anus. When he was sure Jorge was excited enough, he put some lube on his cock and entered him in the missionary position. Very quickly, he realized it looked incredibly erotic having this young German lying under him with that huge cock

lying along his tummy and the very nicely shaped butt accepting his penis with quite obvious pleasure. The feelings running through his body defied belief. He had made love to girls at home, but none had been this exciting. His cock was being caressed by Jorge's arse as he slid in and out, taking him off to outer space with the incredibly erotic sensations.

He didn't last long, and despite only having cum a few minutes earlier Jorge didn't either. Their orgasms were very intense and Heinrich who had watched in awe slipped quietly out of the bedroom realising there really was something special occurring between the other two.

Jorge and Petrov, as they calmed down stroked each other's torsos and kissed each other tenderly on the lips, not taking their eyes off one another.

"I would like you to do that to me sometime Jorge. I want to give you the pleasure you have just given me."

"I want to as well Petrov, for a long time, forever."

Petrov was surprised.

"But you can't, I must leave here mustn't I?"

Jorge had been thinking and made this suggestion.

"Heinrich and I only have two more days before we are due time off. If you stay with us here I will drop Heinrich off as usual and then we can drive to my home in Hamburg where you can stay with me. I have a little money so we can buy you clothes and try to find you a job. Illegal immigrants are employed all the time, sometimes on very low wages, but you wouldn't have to pay for accommodation so you would be ok." Petrov was amazed that this young German would do this for him.

"Why would you do that Jorge?" Jorge blushed and replied very quietly without looking at Petrov.

"Because I think I am falling in love with you. You thrill me like no other lover ever has done."

Surprise wouldn't come close to describing the emotions

Petrov was feeling at that declaration.

"I am so flattered Jorge, but I'm not even sure I'm gay. You have been a wonderful considerate lover, but I have never touched another boy sexually. I will let you fuck me because what you have given me was very special, but I may never want it again."

Jorge smiled shyly.

"I don't mind. I can live in hope that when we have made love a few times, even if you only let me fuck you once, that you may like it enough to stay with me."

"I would like that. I won't feel under pressure and you are very nice." When Jorge told Heinrich he almost exploded.

"Are you serious? If he is caught, and found to be living with you, you'll lose your job and go to prison. Your life will be ruined."

"I know, but I'm going to do it, we'll be careful and we'll have a story that won't implicate you, so it is only ourselves that we need to worry about."

"You're mad, are you in love with him or something?"
Jorge dropped his head again.

"Yes, I think I am. He thrills me so much he takes my breath away." When Jorge admitted his love, Heinrich's attitude softened.

"Be careful then my friend, I would hate to lose you. You are like my brother Jorge and I love you as well."
Petrov was both happy and amazed that these two loved each other but not sexually, well, apart from this one time that he had witnessed.

That night Petrov was so pleased, Jorge just cuddled him all night. The next morning, instead of being locked up while the other two patrolled, he was told he could spend the day in their quarters and they would see him just before dark. They caught two more illegals that day and radioed for the wagon to come and pick them up. Petrov was hidden when the collection van arrived and then showered and ate supper. After supper Jorge asked Petrov if he could make love to him tonight.

“If you don’t like it, and don’t want us to be lovers I will still take you to Hamburg and help you while I am time off.”

Petrov realized he could have the best of both worlds and all he had to do was let Jorge fuck him once.

“Alright, we can try it.”

Love making took on the same pattern Petrov had witnessed before, except that it was his arse that was being opened up this time. Jorge was very gentle, making sure he was very relaxed before adding each new finger. When he had reached four, he fucked him gently with them, continuing to use his tongue and other hand to keep pleasuring him. Petrov thought he was going to heaven. Jorge kept hitting his prostate always gently, and always stroking it before pulling out again. When he introduced his penis he only slid the glans in before remaining still and just stroking Petrov’s cock and balls. It was so erotic and sensual that Petrov’s eyes were as wide as saucers with surprise. Jorge’s cock felt incredible as it slid in a little bit more on each in stroke as he fucked gently. By the time he had all of Jorge’s enormously long man rammer inside him he couldn’t believe the feelings, and after a few long strokes he thought he was going to leave this planet. It felt wonderful, more sensuous than anything he had ever experienced before.

“Oh, Jorge, what are you doing to me? That feels wonderful.”

Jorge was so happy, he fell forward and kissed Petrov so passionately it had both of them gasping for breath.

“I am glad, I love you so much already, I will always want to please you.”

This was incredible, Petrov wanted this to go on forever, but, eventually the feelings for both of them were too much and they started to orgasm, very close together, and so intensely that they started screaming.

Heinrich was so worried at the volume of the screams that he burst in on them, just as Jorge fell forward onto Petrov’s chest and both of them burst into tears. It was incredible; Heinrich had never seen anything like it. The other two were crying and kissing, uttering stupid words of love. He turned and left them, shaking his head in

wonder.

Part 2

Time off came round and the plan Jorge had suggested worked. When they dropped Heinrich he admonished them to be careful and told Jorge he would see him in two weeks' time. Jorge and Petrov drove on to Hamburg.

Jorge's apartment was very comfortable. It was only one bedroom but a spacious reception area, open plan lounge dining area and kitchen. The bathroom was off the bedroom and that was where both young men went first, to get rid of the travel dirt.

Jorge loved this part of their relationship. Washing each other always resulted in them cumming in the shower, it was so erotic pampering each other, always spending much longer on the groin area than anywhere else.

Petrov still marvelled at the length and hardness of Jorge's penis every time he got an erection and he would have a little snigger when he realized how much he enjoyed the feel of it sliding into his anus. Just a week ago he thought he was a good heterosexual boy, now he loved the feel of a huge cock in his arse, but he also loved to feel his cock sliding in and out of Jorge. The agreement was that they could both fuck and be fucked as the mood took them. They both loved it so after only a few days their lovemaking was stupendous.

The next thing for Jorge was to get Petrov some more clothes and it was wonderful shopping with his new love. They couldn't afford to be extravagant but they didn't need to.

It was during one of these shopping expeditions that they were spotted by a young officer of the border patrol that knew Jorge. He got close enough to hear them talking and picked up on Petrov's accent. In itself not notable but being a border patrolman the officer was suspicious. He followed them to Jorge's apartment, before going to a local cafe to think about what he should do, and to check with his headquarters on Jorge's record.

The officer, Kurt, found out that Jorge and his partner

Heinrich were old friends and were both gay. Their record of captures was impressive so they were obviously dedicated patrol men. What should he do if this other young man was an illegal immigrant?

Kurt rather fancied Jorge but because of his position he had never been able to make contact in a social environment. He knew that Jorge and he were the same age and that Jorge and his friend Heinrich had served together in the army before joining the border service.

Finishing his coffee, Kurt decided he would call on Jorge under the guise of finding out if he was happy with his routine as a border guard.

He knocked on the door of Jorge's apartment which was opened by Jorge dressed in just a pair of athletic shorts. He was obviously freeballing and looked as though he was partly aroused. Kurt wondered if he had caught him just about to have sex.

"Good afternoon Lindeman. I am Lieutenant Kurt Muller from HQ, may I come in?" Jorge was obviously flustered. He looked nervously back into the apartment, patently looking to see if Petrov was hidden.

"Ah, yes Sir." Petrov was hidden in the bedroom so that was no problem.

"I have some questions to ask you about the border patrol, but first I would very much like to look round your apartment."

Without being replied to Kurt headed straight for the bedroom and was rewarded immediately he opened the door of it by the sight of Petrov also clothed only in shorts, sat nervously on the edge of the bed.

"Ah, Jorge, and who is this young man?" Jorge jumped in quickly.

"He is just a friend, visiting me, Sir. We were just getting changed to go out."

Kurt walked up to Petrov, stuck his hand out and said,

"Hello, my name is Kurt, I work in the same service as Jorge."

Poor Petrov fell for the easy manner. He jumped up, put his hand out and replied.

"Hello, my name is Petrov, I am pleased to meet you."

"And where do you come from?" Jorge jumped in quickly hoping to salvage what he guessed was a disastrous slip.

"My friend comes from close to the Swiss border, Sir."
Kurt laughed.

"Ah yes, with his good Polish name and his accent I can tell. Perhaps he would like to show me his papers."

Neither needed to reply, the look of anguish on both faces told Kurt all he wanted to know.

"Let's all go and sit down shall we?"

Jorge and Petrov sat next to each other, and the looks that passed between them made it obvious they thought it was all over for them.

"Jorge, I have looked at your record. You and Heinrich are easily the most dedicated and successful pair of guards on the border so I don't want to make trouble for you. Let me tell you what I think is going on here. Petrov is an illegal that you picked up on the border, but for some reason didn't hand over to the collection vehicle. Looking at the pair of you I am guessing that you are attracted to each other to the point, Jorge, where you were willing to risk prison to help Petrov. Correct me if I am wrong so far."

Jorge looked up miserably, at his officer.

"No Sir, you are correct. It has never happened before, but when we picked up Petrov, I was very attracted to him. I want to help him settle here long term but I don't know how to go about it."

"Well what you have done is patently not the right way. I am, and have been for a long time, attracted to you as well Jorge, but being an officer I didn't feel it was appropriate to make any advances. Now however I would like to make love with both of you, and if you agree I will help you legalise Petrov's position."

Jorge was suspicious, this seemed too easy, but he was prepared to grasp at any straw to keep Petrov with him.

“Willingly, Sir, happily, if I can keep Petrov as my lover.”

Petrov was not happy having a third person in their relationship, and how many more might there be later he wondered, but like Jorge, he realized they had no choice.

“Good. In that case why don’t you both call me Kurt and show me where I can get undressed and showered. I presume you both did that as soon as you came in from shopping.”

He was grinning and it became infectious. Jorge and Petrov looked at Kurt together and decided he might be an interesting body to play with as a side line, both grinned and Jorge got cheeky.

“Petrov and I would be delighted to undress you and shower you Kurt. We both love clean bodies to play with.”

Kurt

That comment set the scene and Kurt could not believe how erotic they made undressing and showering him. Both Jorge and Petrov kept their shorts on and the resulting erections covered by their thin shorts were extremely erotic for Kurt.

Showered and dried, and now all three naked and hard, Kurt spoke.

“When the Gestapo interrogated prisoners during the war they often stripped and humiliated their captors hoping to make them talk. Of course they did unspeakable things to them often injuring and mutilating them. I would love to use the same technique with you two as a role play game. I won’t, of course, hurt you or mark you in any way, but I have fantasised about being able to do what I like with young sexy men. I will only ask that we do this once, and then I will help Petrov get papers to remain here. I might however ask you to make love to me occasionally Jorge, you have the most incredible penis.”

Jorge thought this could be fun. He was surprised that Kurt was flexible as well, being happy to take and give cock. He wanted Petrov to himself, but he wasn’t going to turn down the chance to fuck

this sexy officer.

Kurt was very slim and shaved all his body hair, emphasizing the more than adequate length of his cock. Jorge would enjoy taking that inside either orifice.

"Now my Polish friend, you will tell me how your escape network to the West works."

Petrov looked absolutely stunned. He had no idea that the Germans knew there actually was an organised network that had found a way to bypass the patrols on the Polish side of the border making the only hazard to overcome the first kilometre inside Germany. Kurt picked up on it.

"Oh my God, there really is an escape network. We had no idea. I'm sorry Jorge, I will have to take Petrov in for interrogation, this is much too big for me to let pass."

Jorge was gutted.

"Please Kurt, there must be an alternative. If Petrov tells you all he knows, couldn't you fabricate where you obtained the knowledge."

Kurt had to think about this. He would almost certainly get a promotion if he could stop, or at least slow down the number of defections across the border.

Petrov was thinking very fast. If he divulged all that he knew it would jeopardise the escape plans of many more Poles. If he didn't, he would be interrogated by the Germans first, and then returned to Poland where the interrogation would be as brutal as the Nazi regime had used during the war. He didn't believe he would be able to hold out against sustained brutality, so, reluctantly he decided he would try to strike a bargain with Kurt to be able to remain here.

"If you will tell me everything you know Petrov I will tell my superiors that I am unable to reveal my source because it would be too dangerous for his well-being. That part is certainly not a lie. Your authorities are as eager as mine to stop this illegal traffic."

Petrov reluctantly told Kurt everything before they resumed their play time, now a little more subdued than originally planned. It wasn't much fun so Kurt stopped it.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t want to ruin our fun but this is so important. Let’s forget it for today. I will call on you again when we are all more relaxed.”

It was several days before Kurt called again. When he did he was wearing the triple pips of a captain and was obviously in very high spirits.

“I owe you so much Petrov, look, I am now a captain, that should not have happened for several more years. Your reward is to be the interrogator and use me as you will for the remainder of the day.”

Now, all three young men were in high spirits at the thought of unbridled sex for the next few hours. Showers were taken but when they were all clean and dry Petrov and Jorge put shorts back on to make believe they were the interrogators and Kurt was the prisoner.

The next hour was interesting from Petrov’s perspective. They spit roasted Kurt, and then, to cement his position, Petrov choreographed Kurt fucking Jorge, he knew Jorge wouldn’t mind, and Kurt had already stated he wanted to make love to Jorge.

Three well satisfied young men sat around Jorge’s lounge afterwards and Kurt explained how he was going to get Petrov papers to make his stay legal.

“I will work on it with Petrov while you are away next time Jorge. I think I can also find him a job.”

Jorge and Petrov were delighted, but a few minutes later Kurt spoilt it a little for Jorge.

“Jorge, I don’t believe that you could have done this without the knowledge, and probably collusion of your partner Heinrich, so, I am coming on an inspection tour of the guard posts and will work it so that I overnight at yours. I will then enjoy using Heinrich’s body the same as we have done this afternoon.”

Jorge was quite upset to begin with, and then he thought how much fun it could be if Kurt fucked Heinrich. He would love to watch that, and he didn’t mind if Kurt and Heinrich fucked him so he told

Kurt his idea and had them all laughing. Petrov tried to sound hurt that Jorge was going to have more sex when he was away, but it didn't sound convincing.

That night, Jorge told Petrov his thinking. "When we have satisfied Kurt and he leaves us alone, I don't want to make love to anyone else but you. I know we will be apart for half our time, but now that I have a lover I will try to get a posting to headquarters so that I am home almost every night. I really do love you Petrov and hope we will be together for a long time."

Love making that night was tender and sensuous, incredibly satisfying for both young men.

Things did work out for Jorge. Heinrich wasn't too upset being fucked by Kurt and was even less upset when Kurt and he spit roasted Jorge several times.

"Now my friend, we must find you a boyfriend. Of course, Kurt will take payment from you to help regularise his living and it will cost you several deep fucks from his man rammer." Jorge laughed and Kurt did as well, casting lustful glances at Heinrich.

Two good things came out of Kurt's involvement with Jorge and Petrov. Petrov was given permission to remain in Germany and Jorge received a posting to headquarters to help develop plans to make all of the patrols as successful as his and Heinrich's had been.

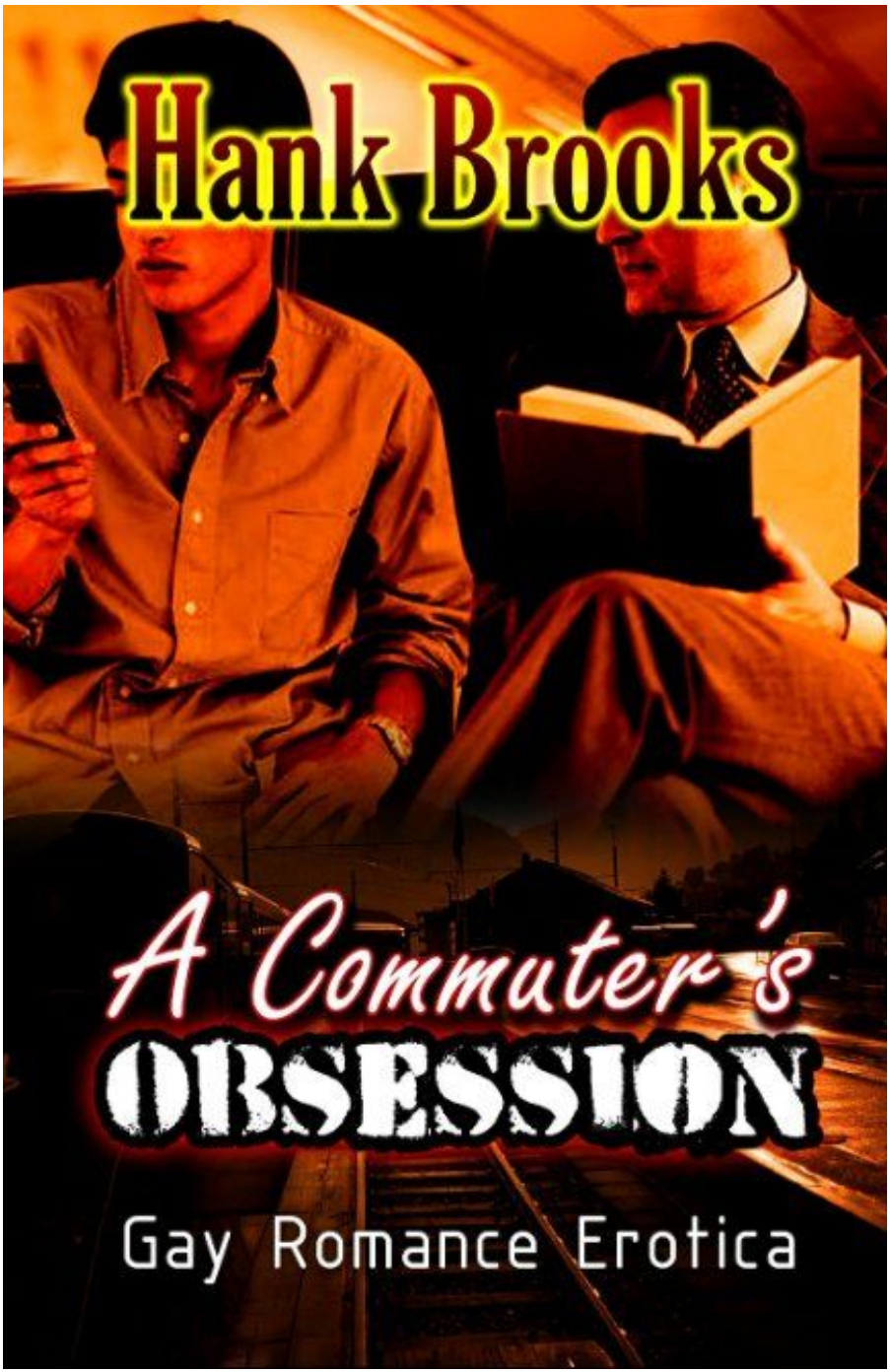
Heinrich received a new partner who was also gay and was admonished by Kurt to make love to the new partner rather than pretty Polish boys. The advice was taken and Jorge was delighted to find Heinrich on his doorstep one day with his new boyfriend.

Jorge and Petrov went on for years as lovers until the iron curtain disappeared and Poland was free of Russian control.

"I love you Jorge, but now I must go home to look after the family that I deserted to come to the West."

It was a tearful goodbye and Jorge couldn't hide his hurt at Petrov's desertion. Kurt realized and over time he and Jorge became lovers, remaining together for more years, both serving in the border control department where illegal immigrants were now more likely to be from Turkey than the old Soviet bloc.

The End



Part One

My partner Doug and I bought a small bungalow in Oceanside, New York. I do mean small. It was very expensive real estate, as it was only one block from the ocean. It cost us a pretty penny, but it was worth it just for the view and the serenity alone. Doug is a teacher, and he was able to get a job teaching science at Oceanside Senior High School.

I work for a prestigious Wall Street investment firm, which had once been headquartered in the World Trade Center. Thank God I had just started college that terrible year. The firm lost too many good men in the inferno. Doug, of course, no longer had to commute to work, but I did. I didn't mind at all. As I told you, it was all worth it. Every morning I took the same Long Island RR train to Manhattan, and then I took the subway down town from Penn Station.

I had been commuting for just under a year, when it happened to me. It was the day I lost all my senses, and I allowed my world to be turned upside down by an irrational obsession.

It was a hot September day, the day after Labor Day. I always sat in the most forward passenger car, because it was closest to the subway upon arrival. I think that is why it was always the most crowded car, and seats were always scarce. At the Valley Stream station, which is the next stop after mine, a young man got on the train. He was about six feet tall, blond hair and blue eyes. He was wearing a tee shirt, cargo shorts and sandals. The tee shirt read New York University. His muscles were mounds of pure hardness, and my crotch started to tingle at the sight of them. From the bulge in his crotch I reckoned that he wore no underwear. He was carrying a couple of text books in his hand.

He came through the doors and looked around. I was smitten. I could only lament that the seat next to mine was occupied. He found a seat just two rows in front of me, and I was able to view his beautiful blond head. I could also swear that I could smell his after shave lotion, which intoxicated me. That, of course, was practically impossible. The aroma must have come from the man sitting next to me.

I kept my eyes on him when we got off in Manhattan. I reasoned that if he attended NYU downtown, he might actually take

the same subway train as I did. But if he went to NYU uptown, we would part ways at Penn Station. How foolish I was. Just wearing a New York University tee shirt did not necessarily make him a student at that institution. Why did it matter to me anyhow?

He headed for the Uptown Train platform. I was devastated and could not get over my irrational behavior. All day long I was distracted at work. I could not keep myself from thinking of him (and wanting him). I prayed he might be on my home going train. I searched the platform and waited until the last minute to board the train. I did not see him.

The next morning, as my train approached the Valley Stream station, my whole body went on the alert. I felt like a hunter seeking prey in the jungle. He boarded the train and my groin grew warm at the mere sight of him. I wanted to jump up, embrace him, grab his package and kiss him until we both passed out from lack of air. Of course I didn't. He looked around at the seat situation, and found one at the head of the car. I relaxed when he did, because I was afraid he might have been forced to go into the car behind us.

I closed my eyes and began to fantasize that I was in bed with the beautiful young man. We were naked and his cock was uncut. It looked more like a baseball bat than a prick. I grabbed hold of it and began licking it all over. It was too big for me to take in my mouth. Then I mounted him and began slowly descending on him as his massive tool entered my ass. As big as it was, it didn't hurt at all. I was awakened from my fantasy when the train lurched to a stop at its destination. I did not see Adonis (that's what I named him). He must have gotten up and darted off the train as soon as the doors opened.

I love Doug, so where was all this erotic Adonis fantasy coming from? Fat chance that my fantasies about him could ever come true. First of all I am about eleven or twelve years older than he is. I am only five feet, seven inches tall, and at least twenty-five pounds overweight. As I approach my thirtieth birthday, I am balding at a rapid rate. I am far from ugly, but nobody would look at me twice. Doug is about as average as I am, but maybe not as much overweight. We are just as average in the cock department and we are both cut. Still, in spite of all that, we are very popular. We both have the reputation of being the life of the party, and we have a very busy social life. Off the record, our sex life as a couple is fantastic, so why was I being so irrational in my lust for Adonis?

Adonis continued to ride my train, and my car, for weeks. I continued to fantasize about him, but that was it. What more could there be? I missed him terribly on school breaks, but he always returned. One day I tried something, and to my delight it actually worked. Instead of taking the window seat, I took the aisle seat. This successfully discouraged others who got on in Oceanside from crawling over me. When Adonis got on in Valley Stream it was one of the few seats available. He excused himself and stepped over me to take the vacant seat. I smiled at him and he smiled back. My heart stopped working for a beat or two.

I tried to make conversation with him. "Are you a regular commuter?" I asked.

Without looking at me, he muttered something which sounded like, "Uh huh." He opened one of his textbooks, and I took it as a sign not to bother him. About halfway through the trip he closed his book. He took out his cell phone, and reached someone by speed dial.

"Mornin' beautiful," he said. "Wanna meet me at the coffee shop? I don't have an early class this morning……Terrific, I'll see you there." He hung up. I wanted to cry. He has a girlfriend. So what? I have a boyfriend.

Sitting next to him like this aroused me, and I started to erect. Thank goodness it was late autumn now, and I was wearing a coat which would cover my embarrassment. We didn't talk at all after that, and I even dozed off a bit. He was very impatient about getting off the train and he almost knocked me over. Who cares? He actually touched me.

I tried the same ploy again the following morning, and the seat remained vacant until Valley Stream. Adonis got on, spotted the seat, and made a bee line for it. I figured he wanted that seat because I had not tried to make inane conversation the day before, so I intended to try to keep it that way. This time, as he crawled over me, he said good morning. I gave him my most ingratiating smile as I pulled my coat over my groin. For whatever reason, those two seats eventually became our seats. It reminded me of our seats in church. They were not assigned, but everybody always gravitated to the same pew and the same seats. It's a really strange phenomenon. My bingo playing pals tell me that the same kind of seat habit occurs at the bingo halls also.

I could go on conjecturing about this seat fetish for hours, but all I really cared about at the time is that we got to sit together every morning. We spoke very little, but eventually we introduced ourselves, and I knew that his name was Steven Ross, and he knew that I was James Hicks. Slowly, little by little, we began to have short conversations. He was majoring in Management Information Systems. He had just turned nineteen and he had a beautiful girlfriend. He showed me her picture, and as he beamed, I got sick to my stomach.

One day he dared to ask me if I was married. I half lied when I told him that I wasn't. I asked him why he wanted to know, and he said that there was no reason. The next morning when the train arrived at Penn Station, he shook my hand and said goodbye. I looked confused and he said that his freshman year was over, and he hoped to see me again after Labor Day. My world fell apart. When I got to work, I told everybody that I felt sick. I left the office and I returned home. I went to bed and stayed there for two days.

Doug and I went on vacation the last two weeks of July. Imagine my surprise the first day back at work, when Steve got on the train at Valley Stream and took his "assigned" seat.

"Good morning," I said. "I didn't expect to see you for another few weeks."

"I'm going into the city to meet my girlfriend. I figured I'd take this train and say hello."

"You flatter me, but I am also very pleased."

Then I got a real shocker. He asked me, "Do you have to rush right to work? Do you have time for a cup of coffee with me? I really would like to talk to you."

Without answering him, I took out my cell phone and dialled my office. I left a message with the still unmanned switch board. I said that something had come up and I would be a little late.

"Thanks," Steve said.

We found a table in a quiet corner of a coffee shop just outside the station. Steve wasted no time. He looked me in the eye, leaned into me and whispered, "I'm going to ask you something. I hope you won't get insulted if I'm wrong. You're gay, aren't you?" I was

stunned. I didn't want to scare Steve away, and I had never confided that information to Mr. Macho Man. "And you have a partner," he continued. It was a statement rather than a question. I finally found my tongue.

"Yes I am, and yes I do, but how did you know? I thought I was pretty good at hiding my sexual orientation. I'm in the closet at work, and I don't think anyone there even has a suspicion."

"Don't be so sure," he asserted. "You act masculine enough, but you slip up. The first time I suspected that you might be gay, was when you talked about escaping from the city and buying a home on Long Island. You said "we" several times, but you told me you were single. Another time you said that "we" never had more than coffee and a roll for breakfast. If you want to hide who you are, you should learn to watch those little slips and use the singular."

I started to laugh. If I didn't laugh I would surely have cried. I asked, and not too kindly, "What's your point?"

"I broke up with my girl yesterday. One of the reasons is that I failed to get it up for her several times lately. Recently I met a really nice guy in my accounting class, and I gave into temptation. I let him seduce me. Besides the fact that I had no trouble getting and staying hard with him, the sex was fantastic. It satisfied me in such a way that I knew I had to be gay."

"Do you think that you may have something going with this guy?"

"No, I just wanted to experiment with him, and see how I felt. Besides, he missed home too much, and he transferred to the University of Michigan for next year."

"We are almost strangers," I said. "Why are you telling me all this?"

Steve merely shrugged his shoulders, so I continued without an answer from him. "You know that I am the last person in the world you should be telling all this to. I am happy as a lark and very much in love with my partner, Doug, but at the same time I am so hot for you, I am holding back from pouncing on you."

"I know," Steve sighed. "That's another reason why I'm sure

I'm gay. I've been picking up on how you felt about me. If I was straight, that would never have happened."

"I guess you're right about that," I reasoned. Then I added, "Surely you can't have any sexual desires for a fat pig like me."

Steve jumped on me. "You're not fat," he said. "At worst you are pleasingly plump. You are fun to talk to and to be with, and yes, I could have feelings for you."

I was more than stunned. "Where is this leading to?" I asked.

"To a bedroom, I hope"

"I'd be cheating on Doug. I've never done that."

"No, not at all. You would not be cheating. Look at it as you're being a mentor to me, breaking me in, and teaching me how to be gay, so to speak. I am sure that eventually I'll find my other half, just as you have found yours."

Irrationally, at that moment I could swear I heard Doug yelling at me to wake up. For a moment I was filled with confusion. Suddenly I felt my shoulder being violently shaken. "You'll have to move mister, so I can get out. We're here."

I roused myself from a deep sleep, and swung my legs around so that my seat companion could get out. When I came back to reality I realized that it was Adonis, not Doug, who woke me. I was back to the first day he sat next to me, and I had dreamed our entire growing relationship. I realized that I didn't even know his name, and that I had created a fantasy name for him.

I came to a bitter conclusion. I was losing my mind, and I had better erase Adonis from my thoughts, if I ever hoped to get back to reality. Then, just as if I had never resolved to forget about him, I made a fateful decision. It was too late for today, but I vowed to follow him if he was on the train the next day.

Part Two

My little ploy did not work the next day. Someone started to climb over me at the Oceanside station. I just sighed, moved over, and saved the man the discomfort of squeezing between me and the seat in front. I could barely breathe until I saw Adonis get on in Valley Stream. He found a seat somewhere behind me, but I knew he wouldn't get off until we got into Manhattan.

The trains were always so crowded this time of day, and I lost sight of him in Penn Station, but I headed toward the uptown train tracks. I spotted him just going through the turnstile, and I followed him closely. I was secure in the knowledge that nobody ever noticed me, and he wasn't going to be an exception. I even stood close to him in the over crowded subway car. He actually glanced my way a couple of times and our eyes met. As I suspected, he didn't seem to recognize me at all.

I was surprised when he got off at the station before the NYU stop. I almost didn't make it out of the car before the doors closed, but I saw him ascending the stairs and going out into the daylight. He crossed the street rapidly and went into a corner coffee shop. I discreetly peered in through the shop windows. A beautiful young woman sat at a table for two. When she saw him, she jumped up and they kissed with way too much passion for a public place. I grew insanely jealous. If I had a weapon I would have killed the girl. When I realized what I was thinking, I became aware of my growing insanity. I ran to the subway, and took the train down town to work.

After that I calmed down for a few days, but about a week later I followed Adonis again. This time he went right to school. I was shocked. He went to Columbia, not NYU. There was another male student waiting for him at the main gate. They smiled at each other, hugged and went on inside. My curiosity was aroused. I whipped out my cell phone and called in sick to my office. Like the idiot I had become, I waited in very cold weather for them to exit the building. There were any number of exits they could have used besides this one, but I waited anyway. I knew that I was becoming more and more irrational, but I was unable to stop myself.

I skipped lunch, and I was rewarded for my patience when they came out together at about 1 PM. They headed for the subway station, and to my great surprise, they walked toward the uptown track. I was following them too closely, but I was sure that I was remaining, as always, the cellophane man.

They exited somewhere in The Bronx. We were in an area I was totally unfamiliar with. They walked two short blocks, and went into an apartment building. Every erotic bone in my body was tingling. Could Adonis be having a rendezvous, perhaps a sex session, with this handsome young man? Suddenly I was struck with three thoughts.

The first was ordinary enough. Should I continue my vigil, or should I go home and try to relieve myself of this ridiculous obsession? My obsession had rendered me incapable of a rational decision, and I knew I would never leave.

The second was still sort of ordinary. I suddenly realized that I was acting as obsessively as von Aschenbach in Thomas Mann's classic novel, "Death in Venice." I was stalking Adonis just as von Aschenbach had stalked the beautiful young boy, Tadzio? I wondered if I was committing a crime. Worse yet, the similar circumstances in the novel did not make for a happy ending.

The third was pure conjecture and came out of left field. Could my dream be coming true? Was this other young student the one from Adonis's accounting class, the one who was at this very moment readily seducing him? The idea was truly absurd, and a pure case of wishful thinking, but it did help me decide whether I should stay or go home. I stayed.

About two hours later, Adonis came out of the building. I needed to pee so badly, I was about to wet my pants. I followed him to the down town subway tracks, and gratefully used the filthy, smelly facility provided by New York Transit. We got on the same train and although there was an empty seat next to his, I took a seat a little away from him, but where I could easily keep an eye on him. We got off at Penn Station and I followed him on to the same train to Valley Stream and Oceanside. We were among the first to board the train. I scooted in behind him and took the seat next to his. This time I was determined to make conversation with him.

From the moment he had emerged from his friend's apartment, I could see a difference in him. His face had always seemed rather sad, sometimes it even looked surly. Now his face was flushed, and there was a Mona Lisa like smile on his face. Maybe he had enjoyed male sex after all, and had finally admitted his sexual orientation to himself. I hoped that he would be more inclined to make conversation with me, than he had been the other time we sat together.

After we were comfortably seated, I turned to him and said, "Hi, I've seen you on my morning train. I think we even sat together once."

To my surprise and utter joy, he turned to me. He was smiling and said, "Yes you do look familiar." I had extended my hand to shake his, and he took it and said, "My name is Steven Ross." Needless to say, I grew pale and nearly passed out.

"Are you OK?" he asked.

"Yes. I'm fine. My name is James Hicks."

We said very little after that. I was too stunned to say anything. Instead I put my brain into overdrive. What if my dream had been more than a dream? What if it had been a prophecy? I grew bold. "Are you a college student?" I asked.

"Yes I go to Columbia. Don't be misled by my NYU tee shirt. It used to belong to my brother. What do you do?"

"I'm an investment manager. What's your major?"

"Management Information Services." By now I was not surprised that my dream was becoming a reality. In fact my spirits were buoyed by it.

"Does your firm ever hire summer interns?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact we do. Would you like me to get you an application?"

"Would I like it? I'd love it."

"I get on in Oceanside," I informed him. "I know you get on in

Valley Stream. I'll try to save you a seat next to me tomorrow, and we can talk about the internship."

Steve smiled at me. His teeth were so white they sparkled. "I am so glad we *finally* met," he said. This is my lucky day."

What did he mean by *finally* met? Had he noticed me ogling and stalking him after all? Was there a glimmer of a chance that he was attracted to me? Was my dream coming true in the best way possible? I grew light headed and nearly passed out.

Part Three

The following morning, I was able to save Steve the seat next to me by telling a few people that the seat was taken. After a few days, when other passengers saw that we always sat together, they just naturally left the seat for Steve. It did indeed become "our seats."

I gave him an application to intern at my office, and he filled it out. When I brought it to Human Resources, I asked Mr. Sawyers to put the application at the top of the list as a favor to me. He was more than willing. Nepotism is a beautiful thing.

One day, I asked Steve, "How come a handsome dude like you never talks about his beautiful girlfriend, and then whips out pictures of her to show everybody?"

Steve began to laugh. "Funny you should ask," he said. He took out his wallet and showed me a picture of the beautiful girl I had seen him kissing at the coffee shop. This time I wasn't jealous at all. "This is my girlfriend. Actually, we used to be a very hot item, but lately not so much. We are growing apart. I think my interest in her is waning."

"Why so?" I asked. I was hoping for the answer I had gotten in my dream, but Steve just shrugged his shoulder as if to say, "Who knows?"

In my dream, we had lost touch with each other, for a short while, at the end of the semester, but now we shared a morning and an evening commute to *our* office. Doug and I did go on vacation the last two weeks of July. We made love constantly, and I fantasized that I was making love to Steve. Doug actually had to tell me to take it easy. "You're acting like a tiger," he chided me. Usually vacation trips are over too soon, but I was so anxious to be with Steve that this vacation seemed endless.

At work, I invited Steve to lunch as often as possible. One day he invited me to lunch, and I dared hope that this would be the time when he would come out to me. He had different news, but it was

good news none the less.

"Sawyers has offered me a part time job when school begins. I gladly accepted. We'll set my hours as soon as I have my class schedule."

He was so happy, and I was even happier for many reasons. My hand was on the table and he placed his palm on my hand. "I'll be forever grateful to you," he said." Thanks James." It was a moment when we should have kissed, but I had to restrain myself.

"Nonsense," I said. "You earned the job because of your talents."

We engaged in a little office gossip after that, and I finally got up the courage to ask, "How are things going with your girlfriend? Any better?"

Steve sighed. "No, it's over. We don't see each other anymore."

"From what you have told me, it's probably for the best. Are you seeing anyone else?" I tried to be cagey.

"Off and on. Nobody special."

I decided to change the subject. "Steven," I said. "Next Thursday is my big three-o. My roommate Doug is making me a little party Saturday evening. Just my sister and a few close friends will be there. I'd very much like it if you came by." Steve jumped up and said, "That sounds great. We'll talk about it later. Right now, we better get back to the office before we are both fired."

I realized that I was probably about to out myself to Steve, but what the fuck. My prophetic dream was basically streaming itself out like a previously seen movie being downloaded to a TV set or a computer. I was willing to risk it. The few close friends I had referred to, were all gay, and my sister had become a bit of a fag hag thanks to Doug and me. There would be no doubt in Steve's mind about me, when he came to the party. I wished he would ask me directly about my sexual orientation, just like in my dream, but so far it was not to be.

On the trip home that day, Steve not only accepted my

invitation, but he insisted on coming over on Saturday to help us with preparations for the party. He wouldn't take no for an answer. Right then and there I decided I had to come out to him before he walked into our house.

"Steve," I almost whispered, "I have something to tell you." He looked at me quizzically so I continued. "Doug isn't just a roommate, we're partners."

"No kidding. Do you guys have a business going on the side?" How naïve could he be? Or was he toying with me? I ignored his remarks.

"No, Steve, we're life partners, we're a gay couple, and we're lovers." There I said it. I stared straight ahead, waiting for a reaction. Suddenly I felt Steve taking my hand in his. I turned to look at him and he was smiling at me.

"Did you think I didn't know?" he asked. "I was just waiting for you to tell me." I guess he had been toying with me after all.

"You don't mind?" I asked. "It won't ruin our friendship will it?"

"So, you think I'm naïve? You take the prize. Did you think I didn't see you following me around? You were there the day I practically broke up with my girlfriend, and you were waiting at the building when my fuck buddy Larry took my cherry. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to see how hot you are for me. And for what it's worth, James, you have become my best buddy, and I wouldn't mind a little hanky-panky between us. Do you and Doug have a monogamous relationship?"

I couldn't answer at first, because I was having too much trouble processing all this information. Finally I said, "Kinda."

"What does 'kinda' mean?"

"Doug and I occasionally savor the joys of sex with a third party, but only if we do a threesome."

Steve's eyes lit up. He beamed a huge smile. "How about I hang around when everybody else leaves Saturday after the party?"

"I'd love it, but I'll have to bounce it off Doug." Doug, of course was all for it.

After the party, Steve, Doug and I cleaned up all the garbage, and packed the excess food for the freezer. All the while Doug was groping Steve, and I was getting annoyed. At some point I grabbed Steve's hand and took him to the shower with me. Doug was forced to use the guest bath.

At last the three of us were laying on our king sized bed. We placed Steve between us, and began an oral exploration of every part of his body. His fully erect cock was about seven inches, and average size around. He was uncut. My restraint gave out and I pounced on his cock. Doug began to sensuously rim the eager boy. While Doug continued his rimming, I jumped up, greased my ass and Steve's cock, and began to sit down on him. When he was in my ass to the hilt, I had to notice that I had no pain just like in my dream. When Steve came gushing up my ass, I wanted to suck the rest of his stuff out of him, but as I pulled away, everything went black. In the darkness I could hear Doug yelling at me to please stay awake.

I woke up the next morning and Doug was hunkering up against me. His erect cock was dry humping my thigh. We were alone in the bed.

"Where's Steve?" I asked.

"Who's Steve?"

"The hunk that slept with us last night, dummy. Are you trying to be funny?"

"Go back to sleep. You're hallucinating."

"He helped us with the party last night. Are you trying to gaslight me?"

"What party?"

"My thirtieth, numbnuts."

"Now I know you're crazy. Your thirtieth birthday is four months away."

I panicked, I had dreamt a pure fantasy about Steve once before. Could it be happening again?

I jumped out of bed, and although it was Sunday, I called Dan Sawyers at home. I didn't realize how early it was. It was obvious that I woke the poor man up. I could tell that he was still in bed, but what was shocking was that I distinctly heard a voice ask, "Who is it, honey?" and that voice was a deep baritone. I didn't have time to think about it, when I asked Dan if we had an intern working for us whose name was Steven Ross.

"No, James," he yelled. "Now let me go back to sleep."

I then called every Ross in the Valley Stream phone book. I came across plenty of Stevens, but not one of them fit the description of a Columbia University student. Finally, I opened the front door, took in the Sunday paper, and checked the date. Impossible. It was last Labor Day weekend. I gave out a blood curdling shriek, and Doug came running.

It was right after Labor Day that I first spotted Steve entering the train, so I was shaking like a leaf when my train stopped at Valley Stream on the Tuesday after Labor Day. There were no seats available, and that presented a problem, but not for Steve. He came aboard, looked around and leaned against the door after it closed. He took out his cell phone and got lost in some conversation.

I don't know where I got the balls to do what I did next, but I asked the guy sitting in the seat next to me if he saw that good looking young man leaning against the door, and talking on his cell phone.

"What guy?" the man asked. "I don't see anyone."

"That's the story Dr. Grayson," I told my shrink. "When I got off the train, I did not go to work. I came right here, and I want to thank you so much for squeezing me in. Please, can you help me?"

"I'm sure there is a simple explanation. I'm going to begin by using a specialty of mine…hypnosis." Moments later I was sound asleep.

When I awoke, I found myself in a hospital bed. My left arm and left leg were in a cast, and I was heavily bandaged all over. I

opened my eyes to see Doug hovering over me like a mother hen. He looked a little fuzzy to me, so I fluttered my eyelids in an attempt to clear my vision.

Doug gave out a loud, heart breaking sigh. "Thank God. You're awake," he sobbed.

"Where am I? What happened?" I asked in a raspy voice. I smiled inwardly. Those questions were so stereotypical, I thought.

"Some switchman made a terrible mistake, a fatal mistake, on the day after Labor Day. He accidently switched your train on to the wrong track, and there was a head on collision with a freight train. Both engineers and thirteen passengers were killed outright, and dozens of others were injured, some seriously, and others less so. You've been in a coma for two days, honey. You started to come back to us a couple of times before, but you slipped away again. Please stay with us this time, baby, please!"

"Where did the accident happen?"

"Right after the train left Valley Stream and reached full speed."

At this moment in time I declared myself to be officially crazy. My first thought was of Adonis or Steve or whoever he was. "Is there a list of the dead?" I asked.

"Yes, honey. I saved all the papers. I knew you would want to see them."

Doug went over to my bedside table. With my peripheral vision I could just about see that there was a pile of newspapers on the table. He removed the top one. It was Newsday. This one is from the day after the accident. It not only lists the dead, but it has pictures of all of them.

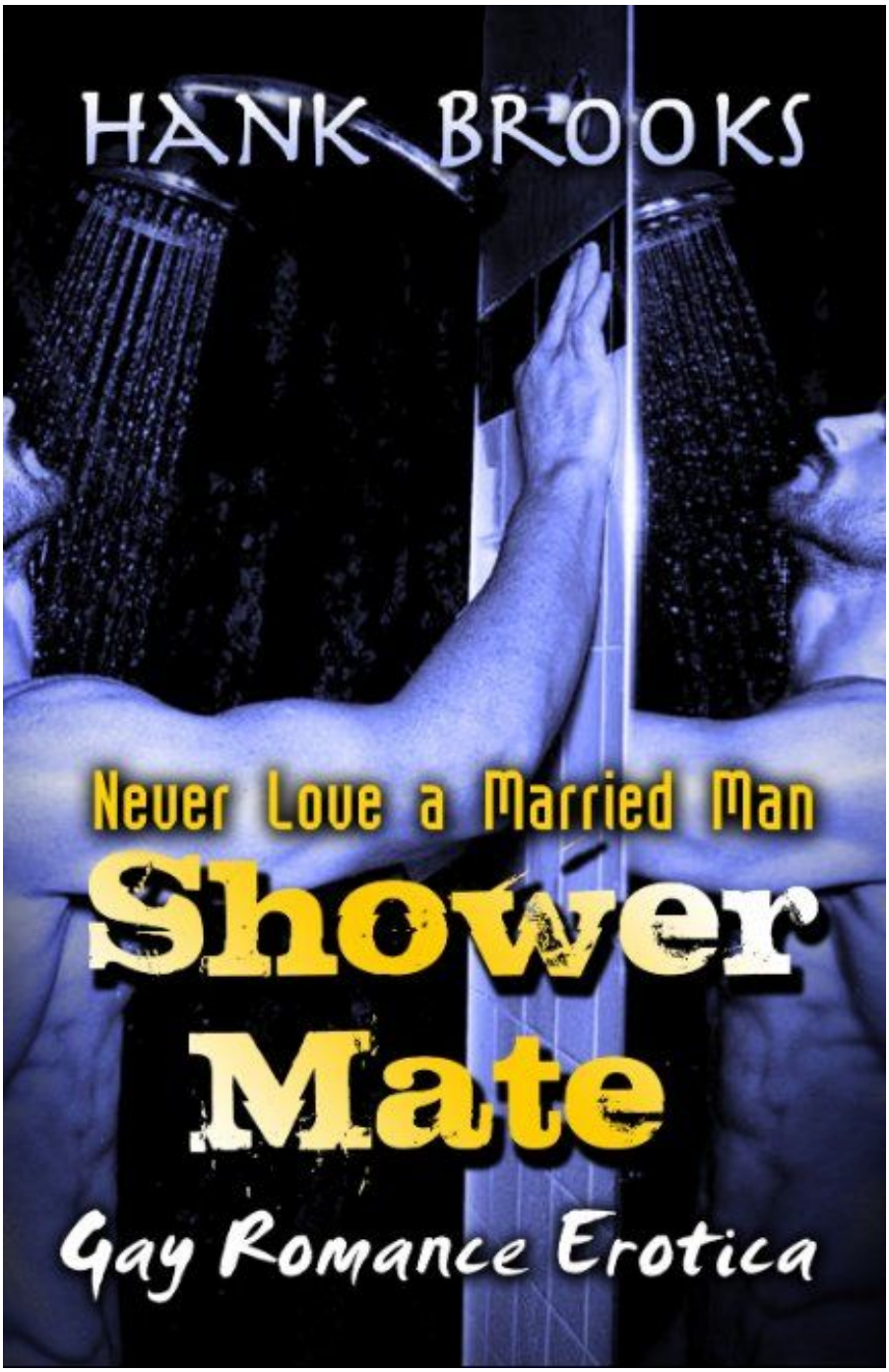
Doug sat me up in bed a little so that I could see the newspaper. He opened it to the page with the pictures of the fifteen dead. There were three columns and five rows of pictures. I looked closely and there he was, my Adonis, top row, middle picture. Underneath the picture there was a small caption, Norris Lipton, 18, Valley Stream, CCNY Student. The article contained a little blurb about each of them, and declared this to be the worst disaster in the

history of The Long Island Rail Road.

My recovery was slow. I didn't return to work for another two months. I will never be able to explain the strange obsession I had with the youth who got on the train minutes before his death. These days, when I am commuting to Manhattan, I still see him getting on the train in Valley Stream. Sometimes he smiles at me, and other times he totally ignores me. It's almost like he is teasing me with his sexual charisma. I am grateful that the only time I fantasize about him these days is on the commuter train. Off the train, the only sexual fantasies I have are about Doug, and all the wonderful things I am going to do to him in bed tonight.

Rest in peace, Norris Lipton, and please allow me the same pleasure.

The End



So here's what you need to know about me. I'm not going to

tell you anything you don't need to know. Just the facts and nothing more.

When I met Brad I was 36 years old. I practiced law in the city of the angels, Los Angeles. I was married with kids. My son was 14 and my daughter was 12. My wife taught third and fourth grade at a nearby elementary school. We had a large home in a good neighborhood. Our very private back yard boasted a huge patio, barbeque pit, and a fairly good size swimming pool, which our gardener maintained for us. My wife and I often skinny dipped after the kids went to bed. I think my son caught us once. He had a real smirk on his face at breakfast the morning after.

At the time, I worked out at a gym three times a week. It was on my way home from work, and I stopped off on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. My wife loved how well I kept my muscled, fatless body and she didn't mind at all that I come home late. On gym nights she kept dinner hot for me. I was proud of my body. I was 5'11" tall. I was very muscular, but not grotesque like a body builder. My cock was 5" flaccid and a good 8" erect. I was cut. Thank God my wife loved oral sex and she gave my tool a good workout. I reciprocated, of course, but I really didn't enjoy it. I preferred to fuck her.

On the surface we were the all American family. You couldn't pigeon hole us. We didn't have a political affiliation, and preferred to vote as Independents. Neither did we have a religious affiliation. We rarely attended church, and if we did at some holiday time, we just went to the church nearest at hand.

I guess there is only one thing that set us apart, and I am not certain as to how much apart that set us. You see, I AM GAY! Maybe there are a million married men like me, and maybe just a few. I don't know. I doubt anybody ever took a survey. I was deeply closeted. Certainly nobody knew about me, but me. My yearning to have sex with a man was eating me up alive, but I didn't dare give in. I didn't want to risk losing everything I had by getting caught. Instead I read internet porn, looked at pictures, and jacked off to my fantasies.

I was with it enough to know when a man was cruising me, but I always feigned innocence, and turned away. I always turned away, that is, until that fateful day at the gym.

It was a Wednesday and I stopped on my way home from the

office. After a vigorous work out, I hurried naked into the shower. There are a dozen shower stations, and the urinal rule is carefully observed. Whenever possible, every other shower is used. When I came in I had no trouble observing the rule. There were only two men in the shower room.

I usually have a problem in the shower. I must use all my will power not to check out the other guys, if you get my meaning. I am well enough endowed that I don't worry about someone checking me out. I usually manage one furtive glance before displaying an air of indifference. I took a quick look at the two men. One of them was just shutting off the shower head and he was reaching for his towel. He was at least thirty pounds overweight. A flab of fat covered most of his dick and it looked like he had no cock at all. The other was quite good looking, lean and muscular, but he was old, at least 55. He was uncut and had a good size cock. His hair was salt and pepper, mostly pepper. His eyes caught mine (my worst nightmare) and his steel blue eyes smiled at me along with his warm and inviting grin. I had to turn quickly away or I would have gotten a hard on and embarrassed myself. Before turning away, I had time to admire his uncut cock. It was about the same size as mine, but much thicker. Yum!

When the overweight man left, we were alone. I took a shower head just two stalls away from him. I didn't want him to think I was shunning him. At the same time I didn't want to stand too close. When I figured that he should be about finished, I stole a quick glance at him. He was soaping himself anew, like he was just beginning his shower. We continued to shower in silence. Every time I looked his way, he was smiling at me. I tried not to make eye contact but eventually I could not avoid it, and I had to smile back at him.

It was then he said, "Hi. My name's Brad. Why do you keep turning away from me? I'm not a sexual predator."

I must have turned ten shades of red. "I wasn't trying to avoid you." I said. "I'm just trying to hurry up and get home for dinner. I'm late."

"I figured," he said. "I see you have a wedding ring in all the right places." What the fuck did he mean by that? Besides wearing it on my ring finger, did he mean I looked married? I hoped not. He continued. "I work out every evening right after work. This place is

very convenient for me. My apartment is just around the corner, and I don't have dinner waiting for me. I'm single so I make my own meals when I get home."

He stopped talking and the silence was uncomfortable, so I said, "I really didn't mean to be unfriendly, Brad. I'm sorry if I gave that impression. My name's Matt." Then I did the craziest thing, without thinking of course. I left my shower, and reached out to shake his hand. I might add, he took it with a strong grip and held it a little longer than was necessary, I thought.

Now here's where it got interesting. We were drying ourselves at the same time. Out of the blue, he said to me, "I'm a CPA. My office is around the corner from Good Sam Hospital. How about you?"

"I'm a lawyer and my office is a block south of the hospital."

"Great," he smiled back at me. "We should get together for lunch some time. Maybe we can refer business to each other."

I now had a good business reason to get to know this guy better so I relaxed and foolishly said, "I'll be here Friday after work, and I don't have to rush home. My wife has a Parent-Teacher evening. My kids are old enough to care for themselves so maybe we can chat about this after our workout."

His beautiful grin got bigger. His straight, pearly white teeth smiled at me. "That sounds fantastic, Matt. We can go to my place and I'll make us a drink and a light dinner." I could feel my heart beating loudly and skipping beats at the same time.

"You're on," I said. My knees were shaking. I wondered if I would have the courage to work out here on Friday or if I should seek a new gym. Down deep, I knew that I would be there.

We entered Brad's apartment on Friday evening and I did a double take. The apartment was decorator furnished and looked like a picture right out of a magazine. But it wasn't overdone. It was very classy and tasteful. I thought that my wife would go ape if she could see this, knowing she never would. Brad was aware of my awed face.

"I don't take any credit for this," he said. "I have a friend who is an interior designer and he helped me put all this together. I just

moved in a couple of months ago."

I eyed the room once again and then said the stupidest thing I ever said in my life. I should have been immediately disbarred from the lawyering profession. "Your friend must be gay," I muttered. "No straight guy did this place." The moment I said that, I wanted to run, but Brad's reaction stunned me.

"Oh sure, Timmy's gay. Most of my friends are," he said in a very matter of fact tone. Before I could react, he said, "Come with me into the kitchen while I prepare dinner. We can talk some shop."

We did. By the time dinner was ready, we had established what we each specialized in, and created a picture of what a good referral client would be for each of us.

Dinner was quite good actually. Brad had frozen spaghetti and meatballs in the freezer. He took it out and defrosted it in the microwave. He then heated it up in pots atop the stove. By that time, the frozen Italian bread was defrosted, and he served it with butter. Red wine complemented the meal. We had ice cream for dessert.

I helped him clean up, and we went into the living room with a fresh glass of wine. Brad pointed to the sofa and I sat down. Damn him, he sat down right next to me and our thighs touched. Neither of us made a move. I was too scared, and he was probably trying to seduce me, I hoped.

I must have looked very uncomfortable, because after a long silence, Brad said, "You seem to be very uncomfortable. You do know I'm gay, don't you?'

"I figured," I answered inanely.

"If you'd like to leave," he said, "I'll understand, but I would really like you to stay."

My desire for gay sex had always been my secret, but somehow I decided that it was time to confide in someone. Why not Brad? He was gay, older than I, and a mature man I believed that I could trust.

"May I confide in you?" I asked.

"Absolutely."

"I think I'm gay," I said barely above a whisper. "I've never been with a man, but it's all I think about."

"I had a suspicion," Brad said. He smiled at me and took my hand.

I was flabbergasted. "Why did you suspect?" I asked.

"It was the way you were checking me out, how you kept turning away so you wouldn't get a hard on. I could see the lust in your eyes."

I was deeply embarrassed, but for some crazy reason, I started to laugh. "I guess I'm not as good an actor as I thought."

Brad looked deep into my eyes. He put his thumb and forefinger on my wedding ring, and began to speak. "I like you, Matt. I like you a lot. I could easily fall in love with you."

My blood was pumping so hard, I was getting faint. Was this the night I was finally going to have sex with a man? Brad continued, "But as long as this ring is on your finger, there can be no future for us. I'm not looking for instant gratification, Matt. My partner of thirty years died of cancer six months ago. I know I can't replace him, but I want a relationship. I want someone who is there for me 24/7. I'm not willing to share a partner with another bedmate, male or female. I don't want to live in the background waiting for stolen moments. I want my guy to be just that, MY GUY! Do you understand what I am saying, Matt?"

I understood full well. I was not going to get laid that night after all, at least not by a big fat cock. I started to cry. "What am I to do?" I sobbed. "I can't go on living this way."

"I wish I could help you there, Babe," Brad said. (Did he call me Babe?) "You have to decide if what you want is worth giving up what you already have. If it isn't, then continue as you are. I can tell you this much," he added. "If and when that ring comes off your finger, I'd love to share my life with you. Until then, I want to be your friend and a business associate."

I nodded to let him know that I understood and respected his position.

"I'd better go now," I said. "Have lunch with me Monday. I have a client who asked me to recommend a good accountant. I'd like to talk to you about him." I didn't want to, but I had successfully changed the subject. I got up to leave and Brad put his arms around me, hugging me tight.

"I do like you a lot," he reiterated, "but that ring on your finger…." His voice trailed off.

From the moment I said, "I do" I regretted my decision to marry. Over the past fifteen years I had agonized constantly about telling Staci that I was gay, and asking for a divorce. At first I thought of asking her if she would mind an open marriage, but then I realized that an open marriage might satisfy my lust, but would not satisfy my emotional need to love and be loved by a man, and to be a part of the gay community. In spite of how I felt, I did not have trouble making love to Staci. We used oral sex as part of our foreplay. When she went down on me, I pretended she was some hunk I had seen in the gym shower, or some handsome movie star, and I was instantly hard. The rest was easy.

Sometimes I wished that Staci would have an affair so she would realize that I wasn't that into her. I wanted her to experience the passion that came with true love. I somehow wanted her to find out about me all by herself, since I didn't have the courage to tell her. I never gave her any reason to suspect, and if she did, she never let on. Now, since meeting Brad, I really had a serious reason to want out of my marriage. Now I had someone to go to. Leaving Staci was no longer an abstract vision.

I couldn't wait to meet Brad for lunch on Monday. We met at a small sandwich shop near the hospital which was frequented mainly by hospital personnel. We were both self-employed, and neither of us had any appointments that afternoon, so we lingered over our sandwiches. I gave Brad the names of two of my clients I intended to refer to him, and he gave me one name, so when they called, we would know who they were. Finally, I came out with it. I told him how miserable I was, but I didn't know how to break the chain I had forged.

"I truly wish I could help you," he said, "but this is one thing you have to solve yourself." Thinking back, his statement sounded

harsh, but he didn't say it that way. He said it in a most sympathetic way. Then he stood up, extended his hand and asked, "Will I see you at the gym tonight?"

"Yes," I answered. "I'll get there about 5:30."

"Me too," he said and he was gone.

That evening, we changed in the locker room together, and then worked out side by side. When we headed naked for the shower, I got a hard on which I decided I wasn't going to hide. I was praying all the way to the shower, and my prayers were answered. We were alone. This time I took the stall next to Brad, and got really brave.

"Want me to do your back?" I asked.

Without hesitating he smiled at me, and handed me his soap. I lathered his back and his ass. As I started to reach underneath to do his balls, he turned and grabbed the soap. "No!" he said. Then he rushed through his shower and left abruptly.

He called my office early the next morning and apologized. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I told you that I couldn't get involved with you. Let's meet for lunch. I need to talk to you." As if I would say no.

At lunch, Brad leaned into me and whispered, "You know how I feel about getting involved with a married man, but I want so much to make love to you. Can you get away and spend the afternoon with me? No strings attached."

I didn't answer him, but I pulled out my cell phone and called my office, telling them that I would not be in the rest of the day and could not be reached. Immediately, he did the same. We ran to where our cars were parked and I drove to his apartment. He was waiting for me in the parking lot.

Once inside, our lust took over. We couldn't bother to undress each other. We undressed ourselves in record time. We just stood still for a few moments staring at each other. We had seen each other naked before, but this was different. Our dicks were hard and bobbing up and down. Both of us were breathing hard.

The silence was deafening. "I'm a virgin," I blurted out, and

then I could have kicked myself.

"I know," he said. "Let me guide you and teach you. Would you like to fuck or be fucked?" he asked sincerely.

"Both," I answered in pure innocence, not knowing what to expect.

"Good," he said as he took my hand and led me to his bed.

We lay in his bed facing each other. He took my cock in his hand and started stroking gently. I literally started purring, but I was way beyond embarrassment. I took his cock in my palm. It was the first time I had ever felt another male prick, much less a hard one. I was amazed. It was like velvet over a steel rod. I pushed back what foreskin remained on his purple head and started to stroke gently. As if to let me know that he felt the same way that I did, he started purring as well.

I could feel an orgasm growing and Brad seemed to know it also. He abruptly let go of my cock, leaned over me and started to lick my cock up and down the shaft. Then he sucked my balls, and that very erogenous spot, just under my balls at my crack. I gave out an involuntary little squeal. He took me into him and I could feel his lips pumping the outside of my cock as his tongue licked up and down the shaft as if he was sucking a lollipop.

Again I felt an orgasm coming on and I stopped him. He had promised that I could fuck him. I had never fucked Staci in the ass, but I had often dreamed of it. Still I was determined to remain patient. I wanted to taste Brad's cock, so I leaned over him and repeated everything he had done to me with one exception. When my tongue reached his crack, he lifted up. It was a clear invitation to go further. My tongue found his love canal and instinctively I began to suck it, and I inserted my tongue as far as it could go.

"It's time," he said. He reached over to his dresser and ripped open a condom, which he deftly rolled down my cock. Then he took some KY Jelly and lubricated my cock and finally his ass. When he was ready, he straddled me and positioned himself over my cock.

"This is the easiest way to enter," he said. He lowered himself on my cock as I looked into his face. I could see that he was in pain, but when I was all the way in, he rested a moment and then he began

to pump. I pumped with him, and soon enough I could see the pleasure in his face. I'm sure he could see the pleasure in mine. I came way too fast, and in time my limp dick retreated.

"Are you sure you want me to fuck you?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Good," he said, "because I almost came and I wanted to save it for your ass hole."

He put on a condom and greased himself. Then he laid me on my back and lifted my legs onto his shoulders. He inserted a greasy finger up my ass. God, it felt good, but when he inserted a second finger, it hurt a little. He reamed my ass until I was used to it. Stretching me a little further, he inserted a third finger. It hurt, but I knew it would pass. I closed my eyes waiting for more when suddenly I felt empty. Brad had removed his fingers and his cockhead was poised to enter. Once again he asked if I was sure, and I nodded.

As he entered me deeper and deeper, it was very painful, but it was what I wanted and I wouldn't stop him. Finally he was all the way in and I wanted to cry out in my agonizing pain, but I didn't. Suddenly I felt his cock move and he touched something deep within me. Slowly the pain left and I was overwhelmed with pleasure. I began to purr again, and Brad began to gently stroke inside of me. I began to think that I never wanted this to end, but Brad's breath was getting shorter and shorter, and with one big wail, he exploded inside me.

Of course, Staci wanted sex that night, but I was not up to it, and I made some lame excuse. I lay in bed beside her, wondering if I could ever have sex with her again. I had experienced all my fantasies and somehow, even that first night, I knew that I could never go back again.

Brad and I continued to have lunch together and to work out at the gym together. We saw each other more and more at business meetings, as our list of mutual clients grew. Beyond that, he would not have sex with me again. "I love you," he said, "but I can't have you part time, less than part time."

I knew he was seeing other men, and I grew insanely jealous. I told him so one day and he retorted, "Now you know how I feel about

Staci."

After that fantastic afternoon with Brad, my marriage changed. I no longer wished to avoid male sex, and sought encounters at the gym and through the internet. I had plenty of male sex, but rarely saw anyone twice. Nothing measured up to my few short hours with Brad. As for Brad, he was pleased that I was playing the field, but he actually worried about Staci.

And what about Staci? We practically never had sex anymore. After a while, she stopped objecting, and I resumed my prayer that she was seeing someone else. Time flew by quickly. My son was suddenly off to college and my daughter was a junior in high school. To my extreme relief, Brad was still unattached and we were still friends.

Friends indeed. I found him looking at me with longing, when he thought I couldn't see him. Once, at lunch, he took my hand at the table, but quickly released it. "Please," I pleaded with him, but he shook his head. I cried inside all afternoon.

The day before my daughter left for college, my marriage ended abruptly. Staci came to me and asked for a divorce, a friendly divorce, without animosity.

"I don't know what has been going on with you these past few years, but I am tired of living like a nun," she informed me. "I have been seeing one of the other teachers at work, and we want to get married."

When I remained silent after her announcement, she asked me, "Was it me? Did I do something wrong?"

I embraced her, much to her surprise. "Oh no," I said, "never you. I love you, Staci, but I need to admit something to you. I've been so afraid, but now I can tell you. I'm gay."

"Poor darling," she said, holding me closer. "I suspected, and I was afraid to ask you. Do you have someone?"

"I'm not sure," I answered. "He refuses to have anything to do with me because I am married."

"Find your happiness, darling," she said fondly. "I have found

mine."

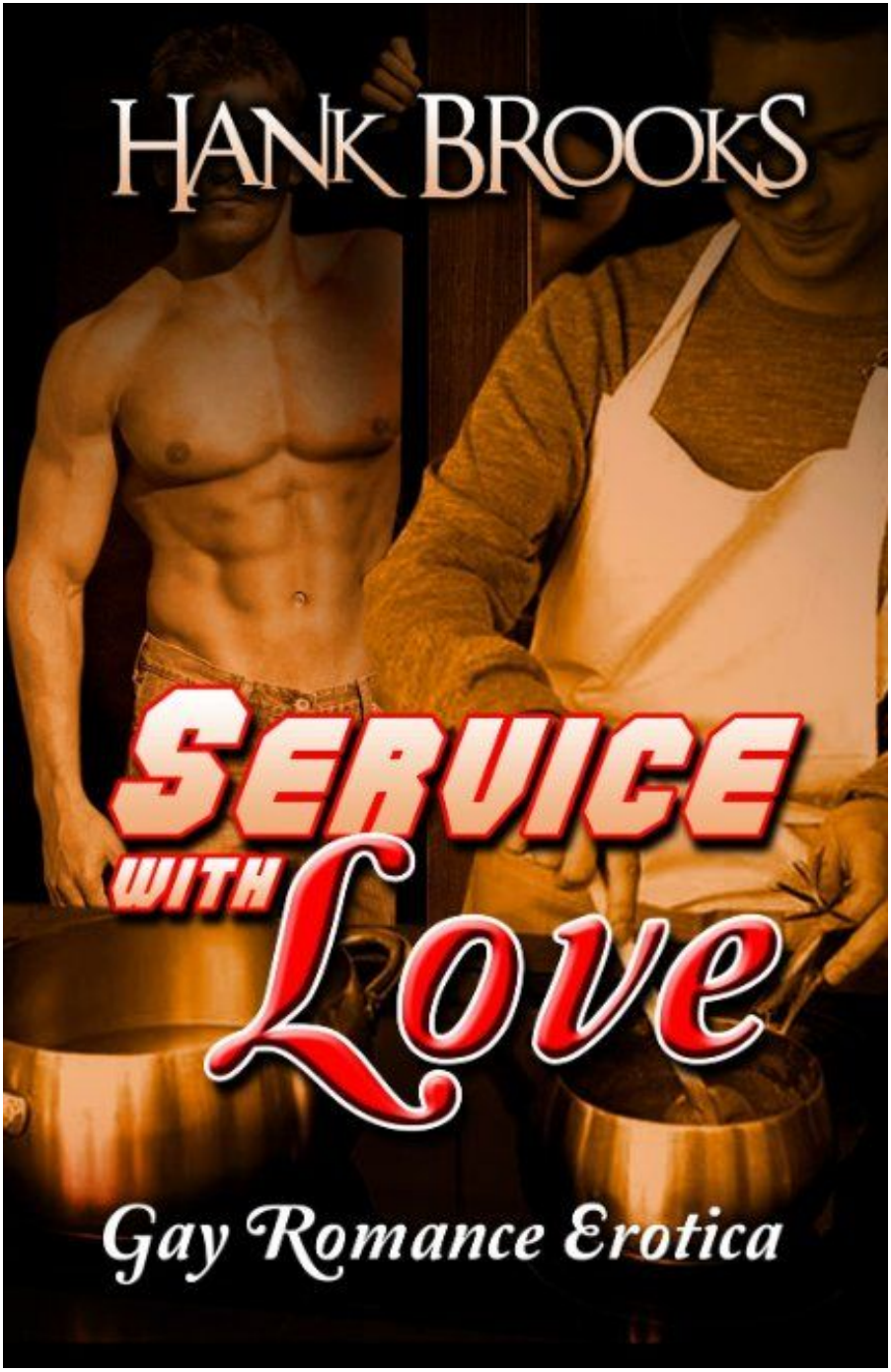
Even though it was not a gym day for me, I went to the gym that evening. Brad smiled when he saw me. "This is an unexpected pleasure," he said.

"I just felt like a little exercise," I informed him. I was wearing my ring and I didn't say anything to him. After our workout, we showered next to each other as we had done now for the past few years. When he handed me the soap to do his back, I didn't take it. Instead I removed my wedding ring and handed it to him.

"I'm not wearing a wedding ring anymore," I said without embellishment, as simply as I could. There were two other men in the shower, but Brad didn't seem to care. He embraced me and wept on my shoulder.

Of course I went home with him that night, and we have not spent a night apart since that day. We even attended my ex-wife's wedding together, and graduation ceremonies for both my kids.

The End



He kissed her goodbye that morning with a brushing kiss on

the cheek. Not that he didn't care deeply for her, but that was his usual way of saying so long, see ya tonight. He jumped into his ten year old Ford Pinto and headed for the railroad station, and his commute to New York. It was raining heavily, and he could barely see the road. The wipers were working perfectly. They just needed to be replaced.

Minutes later, his wife strapped their four year old twins into their car seats in the back of their SUV, and started out toward the Day Care Center where the twins, Mark and Marcia, would spend the next few hours, while she worked part time at K-Mart. She was glad that there was a concrete canopy over the Day Care Center entrance so that she could keep the twins dry. She was just as glad that she was able to stay dry also.

K-Mart was a short distance up the road from the Center, just a little beyond the fourth traffic light on the right. This time of the morning there were always lots of trucks making deliveries to the store. Walt Jenner was driving his big semi, and was approaching what would be the woman's third stop light. He was travelling in the opposite direction from her. Walt intended to make a right turn there, and head toward the next signal in the same direction as she was going. As he approached the light it turned yellow, and he applied the brakes. He was closer to the intersection than he would have liked to have been, and he applied too much pressure. The big semi hydroplaned on the water soaked road, and he completely lost control. In horror, he realized that he was going to fly through the intersection, and traffic had already started moving in the opposite direction. He plowed into the young woman's SUV and it burst into flames. In less than a second, a husband was widowed, and two young children were motherless.

Just shy of six years earlier, George and Nancy Kerr were married in an elaborate church ceremony in Cedarhurst, NY. Nancy had grown up in Cedarhurst, and George had grown up in Albany. They met at The University of Buffalo on their first day, in their very first class. It was a Hollywood love affair, and marriage followed right after graduation. George got his first job with a big accounting firm in Manhattan, and Nancy got her first job with a small accounting firm in Stony Brook, NY where they had purchased a small starter home with the help of their parents. By the time she was ready to deliver the twins, they were able to purchase a larger home in the same community. When the twins were three, Nancy put them in Day Care and got a part time job in the back office of the local K-Mart. She

preferred this menial accounting job to the one she had before she became a mother, because her hours were shorter, and more flexible. She would be available to the twins if ever, and whenever, they might need her.

It took George awhile to pull himself back together after the accident, but he knew that he had to get back to work. He figured that if he left the house a few minutes earlier he could get the twins to Day Care and still make his train. He needed someone to pick them up, make dinner and see to their needs until he got home. He decided that it would be a perfect job for a student at near-by Stony Brook University. The school had an employment office which helped students find jobs, so George prepared an ad describing his needs, and delivered the ad personally to the employment office at the university.

Desperately needed: *Someone to pick up two small children, a boy and a girl, from Day care, bring them home, and see to their needs. Preparing dinner for them and their recently widowed father would be very much appreciated. Hours approximately 3 PM to 7 PM. Send résumé and salary requirement to georgie@aol.com.*

In the meantime, George's mother had come in from Albany to help him out in this terrible crisis, but George's father's health was failing, and she really needed to get home as soon as possible. Finally two weeks after George submitted his ad, he got an E mail from a nineteen year old sophomore, majoring in sociology. George liked the letter. The writer admitted that she had no previous experience, but went on to explain that her father was killed in an accident (kindred soul) when she was twelve years old. At that time she had five younger siblings ranging in age from six months to 10 years, and she took over the task of rearing them, so that her mother could work to support the family.

Of course, in the résumé, the writer referred to herself as I, and since this was an application for a nanny position, George assumed that the writer, Jamie Franklin, was a girl. All their correspondence had been by E Mail. Imagine his surprise when a handsome young man came to his front door for an interview on the Saturday after George received the note.

George could not conceal his shock. Instead of asking the young man in, he stood at the open front door staring at him. Jamie was an even six feet tall, one inch taller than George. He had blue eyes, dirty blond hair, and a killer smile.

“Is there something wrong?” Jamie finally asked.

“No, nothing is wrong. It’s just that I was expecting a young woman. Please, come on in.”

George took Jamie into the living room and sat him on the sofa while he took a side chair. Before they could even begin a conversation, Mark and Marcia came bounding into the living room with George’s mother right on their heels. The kids stopped dead in their tracks. Mark blurted out, “Where’s the nanny, daddy? I thought you said we were going to meet her today.”

Mrs. Kerr was equally as confused, but she decided that saying nothing was the best path to take. Everyone in the room was feeling awkward so Jamie took the helm. “Look,” he said. “I raised five younger brothers and sisters. I’m a great nanny, and I clean windows too.” He stopped and laughed. “I can get references from them if you would like.” That did indeed bring on laughter from the others.

Jamie looked at the twins. “My name’s Jamie,” he said. “What’s yours?”

The twins seemed to relax somewhat and offered their names to Jamie.

“What’s your favorite thing to do after school?” he asked.

“Watch television,” Marcia stated adamantly.

“I mean outside the house,” Jamie explained.

“I like ice skating,” Mark blurted out. He had never been ice skating in his life, but he correctly surmised that a new nanny might be a soft touch for his favorite fantasy activities.

“Play with my friends,” Marcia finally answered.

“Do you like to bake, Marcia?” Jamie asked.

“OOH! Yes,” the child answered.

“I’ve got dozens of secret recipes for cakes and cookies. I’ll share them with you.” As he said that Marcia jumped into Jamie’s lap. She didn’t say anything but she nestled into his chest.

“Can you play ball with me?” Mark asked.

“You betcha.”

It was obvious to George that the kids liked Jamie. He looked at his mother, who smiled at him and winked.

“Mom,” George said, “Would you please take the kids out of the room so I can talk to Jamie.”

As she tumbled out of Jamie’s lap, Marcia asked, “Are you going to live with us, Jamie?”

“I really don’t think so, sweetheart,” Jamie answered.

“Please, please, please,” Marcia begged.

As soon as the kids and Mrs. Kerr were gone, George asked, “Could you?”

“Could I what?”

“Live in,” George answered as if it was obvious.

“I think we should wait and see how it works out.”

It was Thursday and both men agreed that Jamie would start working on Monday, when he would pick the children up at Day Care. The next morning when George dropped the twins off, he went into the office and authorized Jamie to be a designated person to pick them up.

As Jamie had promised, he took the twins on outings, ice skating and other outdoor after-school activities. He got them home by 5 PM. Then he set them up playing with their toys and watching TV as he started dinner for the family. The first few days he left the house when George came home, but on the fourth day the twins begged him to stay for dinner. “Yes,” George said, “Have dinner with us.”

After that Jamie stayed for dinner all the time, and then he began to get the twins ready for bed. He went home later and later. After a few short weeks, George asked him to stay and have some

social time with him, but Jamie turned him down. “I’ve got a lot of homework,” he said, excusing himself.

“Well then, now may be the time for you to consider living in. I’ve got two extra bedrooms and one has a private bath. The accommodations beat a dorm room anytime.”

“It’s tempting,” Jamie said. “I’ll think about it, but you should think about something else.”

“And what’s that?” George looked at Jamie. He wondered what the young man had in mind.

“You’re young and handsome,” Jamie described the obvious. "There might be a new Mrs. Kerr in the near future. If I live in when you start dating, I might well be in the way.”

George began to blush and laugh. “Fat chance of that happening. The twins will be over twenty-one before I would even consider it.” He was still smiling, but suddenly his face got solemn. “Frankly Jamie, I can’t even imagine myself with another woman. Nancy was my first, last and only.”

Jamie was a bit surprised, but he didn’t say anything. The room grew quiet, and finally Jamie said, “Never say never. Someone might come into your life when you least expect it.”

If only Jamie knew. Someone had already come into George’s life.

Jamie had not yet confided in George that he was gay. Many straight people erroneously equated pedophilia with homosexuality, and Jamie feared that George might be reticent to leave him alone with Mark. The plain truth was that Jamie was only attracted to older men, and right now, he was so hot for George he could barely stand it. It was the reason he allowed himself to stay for dinner, and to remain later and later. He knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that it was the wrong thing to do, but he decided that he would talk to George about becoming a live in nanny for his two remaining years at the university. He wanted to be around George as much as possible. He swore to keep his sexual orientation a deep dark secret.

“That’s wonderful,” George proclaimed when Jamie broached the subject of his moving in, “but I do have one concern.”

"I'll pay for the room," Jamie declared. "I have a budget for the dorm room."

"Nonsense! You don't have to pay me a penny. Helping with the twins is payment enough. It's just that you are a very good looking young man. I'd be uncomfortable if you brought home a lady friend. It's one of the reasons I won't date, at least until the kids are older, and I can leave them alone and do it outside the house." He winked at Jamie.

Jamie was flabbergasted. When he found his tongue he laughed and said, "Well, Mr. Kerr, we can give each other nights off to pursue a sex life."

"I think you should call me George."

"Thanks George, I'd like that."

Jamie moved in before the end of his first sophomore semester. George feared that he might want to take the summer off, but when the time came, Jamie said, "I have a summer job already. I'm not going anywhere."

It was George who took off for two weeks that summer, leaving Jamie alone in the house. George and the twins went to Albany to visit George's parents. George's father did not seem to be getting any better and George wanted to spend as much time with him as possible. When they returned to Long Island, Nancy's parents took the twins for another two weeks so they could spend time with their dead daughter's children. Jamie and George were alone in the house, and Jamie was frightened at his own emotions. He was taking two summer courses, or he would have gone home for a visit himself.

The first night the two men were alone in the house, Jamie announced that he was going into his room to study.

"Nonsense," George said. "Use my office and I'll watch TV in the living room. You'll be much more comfortable, and the room is more conducive to studying."

"Thanks. That's a good idea. I'll be out in time to watch the evening news with you."

They fell into a routine of study and TV, but as the weekend approached, George said, “No studying and no TV Friday. I’m taking us out to dinner. You’re a great cook, Jamie, but I need something more.”

Jamie was startled. If he didn’t know better, George’s remark sounded like a double entendre. Could his dream man have meant that remark as some kind of come-on? For a split-second he felt dizzy and had to sit down.

They agreed on a chicken and ribs barbeque restaurant. After dinner they went to the wash room, one at a time, to clean up thoroughly from the sauces on their fingers. Afterward, they relaxed with coffee and dessert. They were quiet until George asked, “Why aren’t you taking a day off now and then? We promised to spell each other for sex?”

Jamie got dizzy again. Was George coming on to him as he suspected? He wiped the thought right out of his mind.

“I’m not involved with anyone, and have no expectations. Besides I enjoy hanging out with you. If you would rather not, we can stop.”

“Good Lord, Jamie. I look forward to being with you every evening. I haven’t enjoyed anybody’s company since Nancy….” He couldn’t say anymore and seemed to be about to cry, so Jamie put his hand on George’s to comfort him. When George put his other hand on Jamie’s, Jamie’s heart skipped a beat.

“I’m sorry you said that George, because I was getting ready to ask you to find someone else to be your nanny. Probably you should get an older woman.” George’s face clouded over and he pulled his hand away from Jamie’s.

“Why do you want to leave? Don’t you like the children?”

“I love the children. I couldn’t love them more if they were my own.”

“Then why?”

“I’m gay, George. There, I’ve said it.”

George was more than surprised. “I don’t see why that would make a difference,” he managed to blurt out.

“It makes a big difference. I’m in love with you, George, and that’s why I have to leave. I can’t stand the torture of being around you and not being able to hold you. It’s killing me.”

George was frozen. He didn’t know what to do. He called the waiter over and asked for a check. While they were waiting, he said, “Jamie, please don’t make a hasty decision. Let’s go home and we’ll talk about it.”

They didn’t talk again until they got home. Jamie sat down on the sofa, and George sat down right next to him. Their bodies were touching and Jamie began to sob. George put his arm around Jamie’s shoulder in a vain and counter-productive attempt to comfort him. Jamie’s head was pulled into George’s chest. Just as if he was comforting one of his kids, George began to run his hand up and down Jamie’s back.

“Please say something,” Jamie pleaded.

“I need time to let all this sink in. I don’t know a lot of things, but I do know that it’s been a while now since I realized that I couldn’t fathom my life without you in it. I just assumed that we would remain lifelong friends; that I would be at your wedding and you at mine, if I ever remarried. I never saw beyond that. But now you want to leave, and I find I can’t face the thought of that. I have to reexamine what I feel for you. Is it love? I know that I already love you emotionally.” George stopped to reflect… “Like a brother,” he added. “I really don’t know if I could love you like you want to love me. If I did, would you stay with me?”

“In a heartbeat.” Jamie turned his face to George’s. Their lips were just an inch apart. Jaime reached up and kissed George with closed lips. George responded.

“That felt rather nice,” George purred and he resumed kissing Jamie. Now their lips parted and they each tasted tongue.

When they pulled apart, Jamie asked if that was nice also. George told him that it was nicer. Jamie was encouraged. He put his hand on George’s thigh, and started slowly moving it upward. George was fully aware of Jamie’s target, and he separated his legs to give

Jamie access. Now he started to get nervous. He didn't mind if Jamie did things to his cock. He badly needed to get himself off. For some reason he hadn't whacked off in a few days. But he didn't know if he could touch Jamie…..there.

"You're afraid, aren't you?" Jamie asked.

"I'm scared to death."

"No need. We're both single and available. Neither of us is cheating. If you don't like it, it will remain our secret forever, but I will have to leave. I love you, George, and I'm willing to risk losing you. On the other hand I might have you forever. I'll take the risk. Take it with me."

George knew that he was about to make a life changing decision. He nodded and kissed Jamie gently on his forehead. "What now?" he asked.

"We head for the shower."

George had a stall shower in his bathroom, and Jamie had a tub shower, so they headed for George's room. As soon as they got there, Jamie stripped and threw his clothing on a chair. George just stood there, reticent, unable to move.

"Please don't be shy," Jamie advised. "I'm going to love what I see, no matter the size or the cut." George woke from his trance and stripped.

"Don't move," Jamie begged. "I want to gaze upon your beauty. I feel like I'm in the middle of a Shakespearean drama." Of course his gaze went directly to George's flaccid cock. It was about four and a half inches, cut, and very hefty. *It won't go in easy,* Jamie thought. He approached George and pushed their naked bodies together. He wrapped his arms around his employer and pressed his lips to George's.

George could feel Jamie's cock pressing against his own pubic area, and he grew very uncomfortable, but Jamie's probing lips and tongue soon relaxed him, and he did something he never thought he would or could do. He reached down and took Jamie's hard seven inch, uncut member into the palm of his hand. How nice it felt, how smooth. At last he began to erect and Jamie began to sigh. His sigh

was not so much for the way George was fondling him, rather, it was for the fact that George was getting hard, and he was so pleased.

The two men were hugging each other as hard as they could. "I love you," George whispered in Jamie's ear. "I love you just like you love me. I want to make love to you. I just know it's going to be wonderful."

"Let's shower now," Jamie said with a sob.

There was no sobbing in the shower. The two men frolicked like school boys. They took great joy in soaping each other all over. When Jamie started to soap George's cock and balls, he started purring like a kitten. When Jamie started to push a soapy finger in and out of George's crack, he actually started to mewl. Suddenly Jamie turned toward a tiled wall and stuck his ass out.

"Soap up your cock and fuck me," he said quietly. Then he added, "Please."

Now the frolicking was over. George got deadly serious. He wasn't sure he could do what Jamie wanted, maybe needed. But he was hard and he was horny and he determined to try.

"Enter slowly," Jamie instructed, "and after you do, hold me tight while you stroke." George positioned his cock at Jamie's opening. He started to enter. He thought he was going slowly enough, but Jamie whispered, "Slower, slower." He slowed even more, and after a bit he could go no further. He was all the way in. Nancy's vagina had never been this tight nor this warm, nor even this wet.

"Don't start yet," Jamie begged. "Let me enjoy the feel of you inside of me."

"That's OK. I'm in no rush." George's arms were wrapped around Jamie's body. His hand found its way to Jamie's cock and he took hold of it, but he didn't start to stroke it. He just held it. George was enjoying the experience more than he dreamed he would. He didn't want it to end too soon, even though he knew instinctively that this was only the first time for him and Jamie. There would be many more happy hours in the future.

Then the unexpected happened. Jamie told him to pull out.

“Let’s do this in the bedroom,” he said. “It’ll be more comfortable and you’ll enjoy it more.”

Minutes later they were dried off and entering the bedroom, hand in hand. Jamie lay down on George’s bed, flat on his back. George lay down on top of him in a missionary position. It was the only position he and Nancy had ever used. Jamie wrapped his arms and legs around George.

“I have a confession to make,” Jamie said sheepishly.

“And that would be?”

“I have heard you jacking off at night. Do you have any lubricant?”

“You young devil, you,” George laughed. “Yes, it’s in the bedside table.” As he admitted to his late night passion, he reached over into the drawer and pulled out a tube of vaginal gel. “Nancy used to use this stuff, and I just went right on using it after she died.”

“It will do nicely,” Jamie said. “Now put some up my ass and on your cock.” George did just that and as he was lubricating both of them, he quipped, “I love when you talk dirty to me.”

If he met any resistance, George was not aware of it. He seemed to slip right in and once again Jamie asked him not to move so that he could savor the moment. But alas, it was impossible. The mere act of inserting his cock into Jamie’s asshole was so arousing that George suddenly realized that he was cumming. Involuntarily he began to pump at super speed, emptying himself into Jamie with several powerful spasms. Afterward he lay still on top of Jamie.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I didn’t want to cum so fast."

“It’s OK. I wasn’t left out. When you started to pump so hard, you massaged my prostate and I came too. I think we’ll have to shower again, so we can continue making love.”

“Tomorrow is Saturday. Let’s make love all night and all day tomorrow. I won’t be satisfied until you teach me everything I need to know to be the best lover you ever had.”

“I can’t wait for you to cum in my mouth,” Jamie said.

George then said something that shocked even him. “I can’t wait until you gush your juices into my mouth and up my ass.”

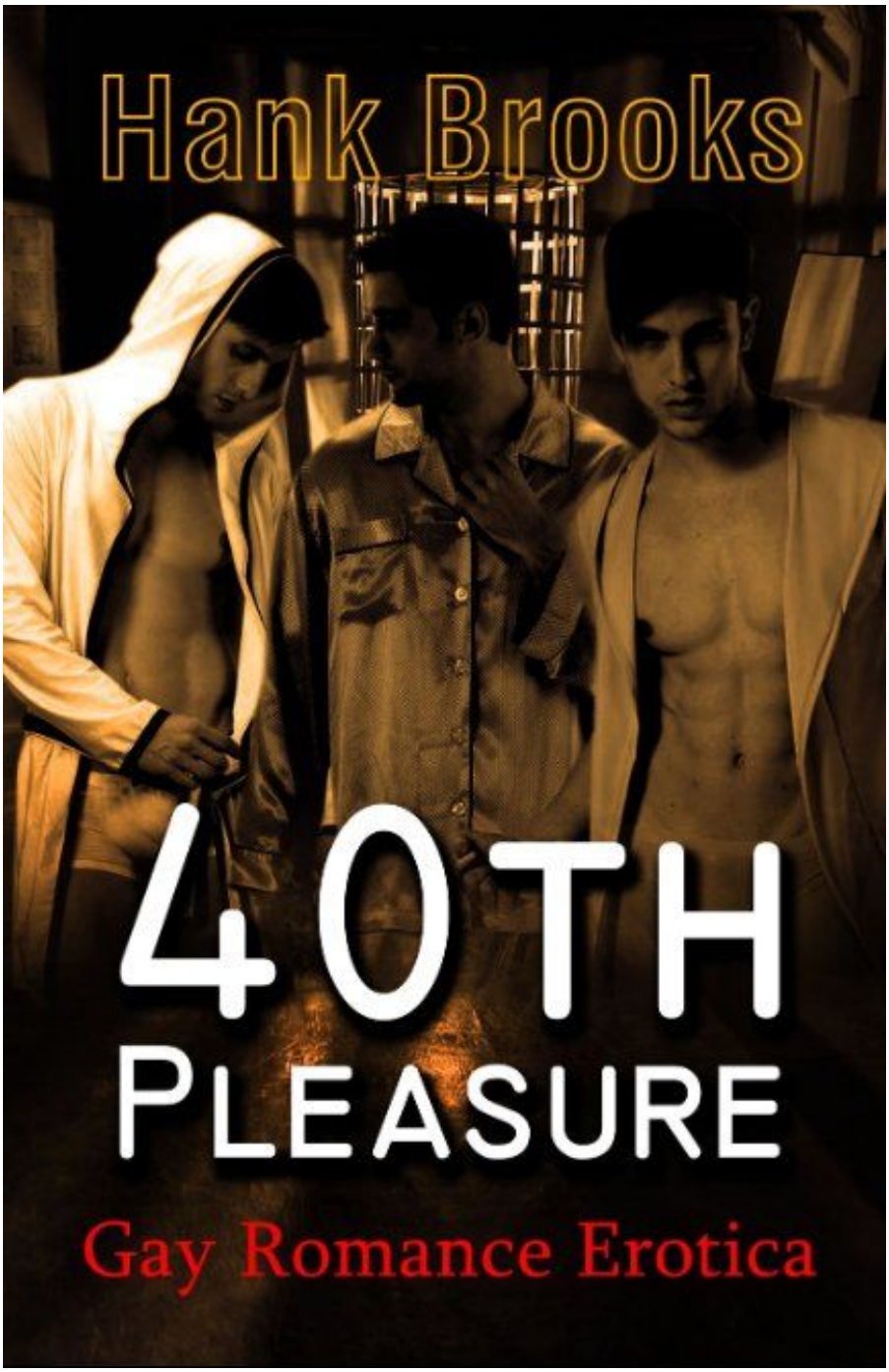
Before they fell asleep that night, Jamie reluctantly admitted, that he had no more to teach George. All they could do now was practice variations on the same themes. “I’m very creative,” George informed Jamie.

Jamie never left George’s house. By the time he graduated and got his degree, the twins were going to elementary school. They were entered in the after-care program, so they didn’t have to hire a nanny. They slept in separate bedrooms until the twins were nearly sixteen years old. One evening at the dinner table, Mark said, “Look fellas. Marcia and I know that you are lovers. It’s just great with us, but we think it’s about time you moved in together. Your constant sneaking around is too stressful for us. You know we love you both, and it’s our wish that we all stop pretending.”

Jamie and George stood up and embraced their children. “We love you both also,” they said together.

When the twins graduated college, George sold the house, and he and Jamie rented a two bedroom apartment in Manhattan. Now they didn’t have to commute any longer, and they were able to become part of the gay community. They made lots of friends, but the best part for them was being able to express their love proudly and openly.

The End



It's very upsetting, and hard for me to believe, that I am

standing here primping and preening in front of a mirror, preparing to celebrate my fortieth birthday. Where have all the years gone?

In a few minutes my two best friends, Hal and Les, are picking me up and taking me out to dinner. It's sad for me to admit, but I don't have any other friends to ask to celebrate the event with me. This is a lot different than my twentieth birthday celebration.

Way back then, my friend Carl made me a big party in his apartment. It's funny, but I can barely remember Carl. I wonder whatever became of him. There had to be close to fifty young men there. I knew some of them casually. The party got very out of hand, and after a few drinks, all the guys were naked and sucking and fucking all over the place.

I got pretty drunk myself and I don't remember much about the party. I do remember feeling happy that I was gay, and that I was able to enjoy all this sexual freedom. Nobody there was suffering from repressed sexual desires; that was for sure.

I woke up the next morning on Carl's couch. The first thing I heard was a vacuum cleaner. I turned and there was Les vacuuming around me.

"Did I wake you, Terry?" he asked in a tone that clearly said, "If I did, I don't give a shit."

"S'allright," I mumbled, unable to speak clearly. I suddenly realized I was naked, and I covered my morning wood with my hand. I can't imagine why I would do that, after the lusty orgy of the night before.

Les laughed at the sight of me trying to cover my dick. "I put the only unclaimed clothing I could find on the bed in the guest room," he said. "I guess it belongs to you." I jumped up and ran to the bathroom to pee. Then I found my clothes and got dressed.

When I got out of the bedroom Les stopped vacuuming, and said. "Hal is making breakfast in the kitchen. I think maybe we should wake Carl, and sober him up. We have plenty of hot coffee."

"Who's Hal and who are you?" I asked, still trying to clear my head.

“My name is Les. Hal and I just met each other for the first time last night, and we did what could have taken several dates under normal circumstances. The party got our juices boiling, and boy did we have a great time. But where are my manners? We weren’t properly introduced to the birthday boy last night,” Les said, as he extended his hand to shake mine.

We went into the kitchen. Les introduced me to Hal, and then he went to wake up Carl. All Hal prepared for breakfast was orange juice and lots of coffee. Good man!

“How come you and Les stayed and are cleaning up, while everyone else went home?” I asked. I was really curious to know. If I hadn’t conked out, I am sure that I would have gone home with one of the boys myself.

“Frankly, we knocked ourselves out having fantastic sex, and we just woke up about an hour ago. We decided we might as well stay and help Carl clean up. We owe him for introducing us. Do you believe in fate?”

“Well, I do now. Les is just the guy I always dreamed of meeting. I want so much to get out of this rat race and settle down.”

“Not me. I never want to settle down. I’m having too much fun.”

Later that day, Hal and Les drove me home, and although they were only a couple of years older than I was, they sort of took me under their wing. We have remained good friends for twenty years. It’s funny, but like I said, I don’t know what happened to Carl.

As I preen in front of the mirror, I have to admit that I look every bit of my forty years. Sure I work out, and my body is solid and toned, but the small lines growing on my face, and the bit of darkness under my eyes, betray my age. Hal and Les, on the other hand, are amazing. At forty-two, I swear

They still look twenty-two. Now Hal has a couple of extra pounds, but Les has always been rather lean, and he has stayed that way. Maybe being partnered, and in love, is the secret to finding the fountain of youth. If it is, I hate to admit it.

The doorbell rings, and I let Hal and Les in. Man, they are so

handsome, and so young looking. Maybe it is the fact that I am entering middle age, but for the first time in my life I envy what they have together, and I have fears about my future. I am truly growing tired of the cruising and the one night stands. I have to admit that the pickings are getting slimmer. The twinkies aren't so interested in me anymore. I am handsome and buff enough, but let's face it. I'm old meat now. It shames me to admit it, but lately I have paid for sex a few times with young men. I just can't get hot for anyone out of his twenties. Thinking about the future sends chills up and down my spine.

"Aren't you ready yet?" Hal asks.

"You look just fine," Les adds. "Let's get going."

At dinner, Les ceremoniously hands me a birthday gift. I tear open the wrappings and find a gross of lubricated Trojans.

"That should last you a week or two," Les laughs facetiously.

"Very funny," I sneer back.

"Well we thought it was a great gift, since you refuse to settle down," Hal says, putting in his two cents.

Over the years, they have not given up introducing me to likely candidates for me 'to settle down' with. More times than I can remember they have told me how they fear for my health. For that matter they fear for my safety as well. Every time there is an incident reported in the paper about an older gay man, who is beaten and robbed by a young trick, they bring it to my attention. It never scares me. I am strong enough to take care of myself. Besides we always go to my place, not to the trick's.

So I am not surprised when Hal asks if I am free Friday evening. They are having a little dinner party at their place, and would love for me to come.

Their idea of a little dinner party is them, me and a fourth dinner guest, who is usually a potential 'boyfriend' for me.

We have been through this many times before. I enjoy spending time with them, and Hal is a wonderful gourmet cook. Afterwards I always avoid seeing the fourth (usually older) person

ever again, and so I have no problem accepting their invitation.

"Don't get any ideas," Les says. "There will only be five of us, and nobody is trying to fix anyone up. The other two guys are coupled. They live up the hall from us."

I wonder if Hal and Les have given up on me. I am saddened at the thought of them abandoning me. I guess it all goes back to turning forty. I wonder if it's as traumatic to other people, or if I am suffering alone.

At dinner, I am delighted to meet Elliot and Silvio, their up the hall gay neighbors. Both men are in their late forties or early fifties. They are both very handsome, even though they show their ages. I am relieved to realize that Hal and Les aren't trying to fix me up for a change, but saddened at the same time. Anyway they know I prefer much younger men.

Hal and Les have a round dining room table. When they add a leaf or two, it becomes oval. They decide that five can sit comfortably without crowding, and so they don't bother with adding leaves for their dinner party. I end up sitting between Silvio and Les for dinner.

Imagine my surprise, when during the appetizer of shrimp cocktail, Silvio puts his hand on my knee. I am sure nobody else can detect it. During the salad, his hand goes further up my thigh, and during the entrée he lays it fully on my package, which is rising by the second. I am frozen, because I don't know how to handle this situation. I don't want to make a scene and I am actually getting very aroused. This alone is a shock. Nobody over thirty has ever aroused me. Silvio is a hunky Italian Stallion. I could make an exception for him.

I reach under the table and lay a hand on his, encouraging him not to stop. His rubbing gets a little more urgent, and when I feel an orgasm starting to develop, I push his hand away. He understands, and we smile at each other.

After dinner, I happen to go to the bar to pour myself an after dinner drink. Silvio is right behind me. He puts his card in my pocket and whispers, "Elliot and I have an open relationship. I'd like to see you again. The card I gave you is a business card. Call me at work anytime." Then he walks away without pouring a drink for himself.

I lay awake all night thinking about what transpired at the dinner party. First off, I am convinced that Les and Hal have no idea of what Silvio has done under the table. That having been said, I have to figure out my own reaction to the incident.

The facts are rather simple:

1) Silvio, who is well over forty, arouses me like any eighteen year old can.

2) I learn that being a couple is not synonymous to being monogamous.

3) I really want to call Silvio. I want to experience what sex is like with someone who is practically a senior citizen, but who is still hot as blazes. I don't even wonder what Elliot might think. Apparently Silvio has his permission.

I make up my mind to call Silvio at work, and I fall peacefully asleep. During the night I have erotic dreams about Silvio.

I stick to my decision and call Silvio Monday morning. We agree to meet for lunch at a restaurant convenient to both our offices, and there we will decide where and when we will go to fuck.

At lunch Silvio throws me a curve ball. "Elliot wants to join us in a threesome," he says. "Can you come over tonight? We are two doors up from Les and Hal."

I do not like threesomes. Unless it is well orchestrated, someone always gets left out. Somehow I have the impression that Elliot and Silvio have done this before, and this threesome will be well scripted. I accept his invitation.

I knock on their door, and Silvio opens it immediately. He is wearing a thin robe you can almost see through. It is obvious that he has nothing on under the robe. Elliot comes out of the bedroom similarly attired, or rather not attired. They put their arms around me in a group hug, and both their cocks feel hard against my thighs. One of them kisses me. He parts my lips with his tongue and we start French kissing. Then the other takes over.

"We have too much clothing on," Elliot declares. That sounds strange coming from him, since both of them are nearly naked. They

begin to undress me, and I give them a helping hand. When I am naked at last, they drop their robes. Elliot takes my hand, and I follow them to the bedroom. They have a huge bed. It appears to be bigger than a king size, and I have to wonder if it is custom made. Following them into the bedroom, I admire both their fifty year old bodies. They are very well preserved, but my eyes wander down to their rumps. Their asses have begun to sag a little. It kind of turns me off, and I fear that it may be happening to me as well.

Both of them stand about six feet tall. Neither one of them is cut, and they are both erect, at least seven inches each, and quite sturdy around. Silvio is very dark with curly black hair, which I am sure is dyed. Elliot is fair and his hair is a mixture of the original blond and more recent grey. Silvio's eyes are almost black and Elliot's eyes are blue-gray. I must admit they are an attractive pair, for older guys.

A strange thought occurs to me. I start to laugh inwardly. I hope they don't ask me what I like to do in bed. That would be so sophomoric. At their age, they should know what a guy likes in bed.

Silvio says, "Lie down on your back, Terry. Let us do all the work." I am happy to oblige. I lie down on my back and instinctively I spread my legs. For no reason at all I close my eyes, and within seconds I feel two tongues bathing my body. They are all over me, but nothing touches my cock or my balls. I feel a tongue inside my ear, and then one is swabbing inside my thighs. Suddenly each of my toes is being ingested into someone's mouth. Then my nipples are being suckled. I begin to squirm. I am going crazy. I keep my eyes closed so I don't know who is doing what. When at last my cock is engulfed in someone's mouth, I remain wondering who is doing the honors.

Suddenly I feel the tip of a fat cock playing with my lips. I open my mouth and take in a sweet smelling delicious cock, which I start sucking immediately. I am a great cocksucker, and my tricks usually cum quickly.

Not this time. I have the pleasure of sucking for a long time before I sense the cock wants to unload in my mouth. I suddenly realize that my cock wants to do the same.

As soon as I come to this realization, whichever one of them is down on me, pushes my cock from his mouth, and whoever I am sucking, ejects himself from my mouth. They turn me over, and my

bath begins anew. This time I feel a tongue probing my ass hole. Then I realize that it is two tongues. I purr like a kitten, not wanting this night to end. When I can bear it no longer, I feel two greased fingers, lubricating my ass hole. It is a seasoned receptacle, and I feel like yelling that this isn't necessary, but I keep my eyes and my mouth shut, waiting….waiting.

At last I feel a body lying on top of me. A cock enters me and I take it in with no difficulty. I think that the cock has a condom on, but I am not sure. I hope I am right. I am being pumped steadily and quite hard from behind. I keep yelling that I want to be penetrated harder. Suddenly the cock leaves my ass, but another enters. It doesn't feel much different so I don't know if it's a different benefactor or the same person. I now realize that I have gone beyond the turning point. I warn them that I am going to cum and the guy in my ass lets loose also. Now I know he is wearing a condom. He pulls out, and then his partner uses me to complete his task. The three of us lie in a heap on the big bed. We are completely exhausted. I glance at my watch which is still on my wrist. We have been playing for three hours. I cannot, repeat, cannot, believe it.

My young tricks cum in record time and usually go right home. This is a new way of making love for me. There is no rush to climax. Everybody takes his time and makes sure that everyone else is being properly treated. My fear that someone would be left out is non-existent. My mature partners have staying power way beyond any of the twinkies I have been involved with. What an eye opener. In that one night of love, I realize I have been a fool.

It's not that young meat still isn't a treat, like eating venison. But for beef and potatoes from now on I want more mature guys. And I know just where to find them.

I usually frequent gay establishments which cater to young crowds. Of course, as I said before, my pickings are getting slimmer. I must look like a dinosaur to those youngsters. Hal and Les hang out at a place where more mature gay men are the norm. They always beg me to come along to meet someone or other, and I always refuse. I can't wait to tell them that I would like to go with them next time.

Silvio, Elliot and I doze off for a little while. When we awaken, I tell them that I don't want to leave, but I have to go home because I have no clothes for work the next day. We all agree that we had a wonderful time, and Silvio asks me if I would like a repeat

performance. “You bet,” I answer him. When I leave, I kiss both of them goodbye. My lips and theirs are open and our tongues tickle each other. No twinkie ever left me like that. They usually run out as fast as they can, probably to enjoy someone their own age, which is to say, much younger than I am.

I learn two new facts that night:

1) Mature sex is infinitely more gratifying than quickie sex with babies. (Why did it take me so long to learn that?)

2) Mature bodies can be just as sexy as baby ones, as long as they are maintained. Mine is. You just have to look beyond a small wrinkle, or a sag or two. (Who doesn’t like a love handle anyway, if it’s there?)

The following Saturday night, I go with Hal and Les, Elliot and Silvio, to a gay bar which I learn is their favorite hangout. It’s their ‘Cheers,’ where everybody knows their name. As I enter the bar my eyes scan as much of the premises as I can. I immediately put the age group as being from mid-thirties to death. The new ME is content in this knowledge.

The next thing I notice is that there is no dance floor, and no blaring dance music. The only noise is the din of voices in happy conversation. Instead of dance facilities there is a restaurant. My friends have made dinner reservations for us. I am a bit leery, but they all assure me that the food here is five star. Five star in a gay bar? I am very skeptical.

We are escorted to our table, and I see that it is set for six. So I can look forward to another fix up. I resign myself and sit down.

“Who else can we expect?” I ask with a slight sneer in my voice.

Hal says, “One of my co-workers was recently transferred here from Chicago. It didn’t take long for us to find out that we are gay brothers. I invited him here tonight to meet my friends, and some other people. He doesn’t know anyone in town yet. I’m sure you’ll all like him. Anyway, Terry,” he looks at me, “I didn’t want you to feel like a fifth wheel.”

“I like being a fifth wheel,” I answer without meaning a word

of it. “What’s your friend look like.”

“You’ll see,” Hal says. “His name is Bill Masterson. By the way, he has been called ‘Bat’ all his life. He used to hate it, but now he says it’s a part of him, especially since he’s a night owl.”

Well, I think, at least we have that in common.

I glance up to see the cute, young waiter escorting Bat to our table, and my heart flip flops. I know it has skipped some beats, and I’m afraid I might die. Bat is at least 6’3”, and a walking bundle of muscle. It is hard to pinpoint his age, because his head is clean shaven. That’s nice in a way, because his baldness makes his ice blue eyes look icier and bluer. From the appearance of his black eyebrows, it would seem that Bat was once a brunet. He looks like a real he-man, and I wonder how Hal spotted him to be a brother. Hal’s gaydar must be honed to perfection.

We all stand to shake his hand as Hal introduces us. Naturally Bat is sitting next to me. We all order a drink before dinner. I order scotch and soda. Bat orders scotch and soda. For dinner I order a New York strip steak with sweet potato fries, and Bat orders the same.

“This is a set up,” I whisper to him. “Isn’t it?” (I really don’t mind if it’s a set up or not.)

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” he says. “I just happen to like the same things you do.” As he finishes speaking to me, I see him jump almost imperceptibly. I know what that’s all about. Silvio is sitting on his other side, and Silvio’s hand has just found its target. Bat is sure to receive Silvio’s card and a whispered invitation, very shortly.

I experience a new emotion. I am extremely jealous, but I’m not sure of whom. Is it Bat, Silvio or Elliot? Maybe it’s all three. I don’t want to feel left out. Not to worry. Bat turns from Silvio, and directs all his attention to me.

“This is no set up,” he says to me, “but Hal told me that he wanted me to meet you. He said you are having a hard time dealing with turning forty, and since I turned forty almost a year ago, he thought I could help you through the doldrums. Frankly it never bothered me at all.”

So Bat is nearly forty-one. He's younger than Silvio and Elliot, but mature, and he seems to be in control of himself, which I never am.

"Well, I don't know if my soul is up for saving, but I sure would like to see you again. Would you have lunch or dinner with me sometime soon?" I ask without making it sound like I am pleading. The truth is I am pleading, or at least, hoping.

"You bet," he says. He reaches into his wallet and extracts his card, and hands it to me. Silvio looks at us unhappily. I reach into my wallet and give Bat my card. He takes my card and smiles at me. He has a killer smile. It creates a dimple on each side of his mouth and shows off his perfectly white teeth. The cards are important to have, but before the evening is over, Bat and I agree to have lunch here the very next day, just the two of us.

I'd give an eye socket to go home with Bat tonight, but I restrain myself from making a move, not even a hint of a move. I wonder what he is thinking. I tell myself to be patient. I'll find out at lunch tomorrow how far we can take this. I hope it's all the way.

At the end of the evening, everybody departs casually with hugs and kisses. When I get home, I undress, brush my teeth, and pee. Then I crawl into bed. I start to think about Bat and my cock becomes stiff. It has a mind of its own. I start to stroke it, when suddenly I hear my doorbell. I am astonished and a little apprehensive. Who could be calling on me at this hour of the night? For just a second, I pray that maybe it's some young boy I recently had sex with, who has come back for seconds. Fat chance.

I grab a robe, which is hanging on the back of my bedroom door, and run to the front door. My hardon is gone.

"Who's there," I whisper through the door.

There is no answer, and the bell rings again so I ask louder, "Who's there?"

"It's Bat," I hear loud and clear. I throw open the door and Bat comes in. His face is red and flushed. I am speechless.

"Look," he says. "I haven't had sex since I left Chicago several weeks ago, except with my fist, of course. I'm too old to be shy, and I

don't want to go through a coy period with you."

"What do you mean?" I ask. I am really confused. All this is new to me.

"Well, when we have lunch tomorrow, we'll both beat around the bush. We'll maybe make another date for lunch or dinner, and eventually we might go to bed together. Let's skip all that crap."

Bat grabs me, pulls me close and starts to kiss me. At first his kiss is soft and sensuous, but as our mouths open wider, his kisses get harder and more passionate. My robe parts a little bit, and my revived cock pokes out and crushes against his fully clothed body. I take a cue from Elliot. "We've got too much clothing on," I whisper in his ear.

As Bat begins to undress, I am grateful that he knocked before I finished whacking off. Once a night is my speed these days. Another thing I am grateful for is the lesson in mature, passionate love making that I learned from Silvio and Elliot.

I suddenly remember Silvio and I ask, "Did you get an invitation from Silvio during the evening?"

"Yes, I guess you've had the drill also."

"I have to admit I enjoyed it tremendously. It turned out to be a threesome with Elliot."

"I figured it would end up that way."

"I had a great time, but that was then, and this is now," I whisper in his ear. I am dismayed that he is still clothed. He is wearing boots, and struggling to remove them. In his haste, they just won't come off his legs. He looks at me in sheer consternation, so I go over and help him pull them off. That being done, he struggles with the buttons on his shirt. I can't help it. I break out laughing and urge him to calm down. I have never seen a man so anxious to get into bed with me. After much fumbling he is finally naked, and I lead him to my bed.

His body is magnificent. His erect cut cock is almost frightening in its length and girth. I can't wait for it to enter every opening in my body. Bat is dripping precum, and I know he is just as anxious as I am.

We hug, fondle and kiss for a short while, and then Bat takes the initiative. He starts to kiss his way down my body. When he nears my cock and balls he says to me, “I’d like to give you more foreplay, and I will next time, but right now I am too horny and hungry for your cock.” He doesn’t just suck it, he devours it. I try to delay my orgasm. At my age it should be easy, but I can’t. I have been fantasizing about this all evening. My horny level is at maximum. My libido is begging for relief. I have just enough time to warn him, when I cum gushing into his mouth. He swallows all he can and he purrs like a contented kitten.

When I recover, we fondle some more, and Bat asks, almost sheepishly, if he can fuck me.

“Fuckin’ A,” I answer, “but first I want to suck you a little.”

Bat’s cock is as big as you would expect it to be, given his brawn. He is erect and cut, and I am sure he is between eight and nine inches. That’s enough challenge for an ass hole, but he is also very wide around. I know that I am up to the challenge, and I go down on him. I get about half his cock in my mouth. No matter, his head is not too sensitive to my licking tongue. When I hear his breathing getting shallower, I stop, open my dresser drawer and hand him condoms and lube.

Bat turns me on my back, and starts to lubricate my hole. He is pleased at how easily it opens up to his touch. He struggles with the condom. It is too small for him. When finally it is on, he lubes it well and positions his cock at my opening. He enters me slowly, a centimeter at a time, maybe a millimeter at a time. I barely have any pain, and immediately I feel his cock against my prostate. I am already pre-orgasmic, and I have to wonder if it will happen. I haven’t cum twice in one night in many years.

“Am I good to go?” he asks. I am impressed by how considerate he is.

He too cums much faster than he wanted to, and YES INDEED, I do cum again. I feel his cum filling me up, and I realize that the condom must have split. It was really too small for him. I couldn’t care less. My tricks and I always use condoms, so I don’t remember ever feeling someone’s juices filling me up. I am so happy with the way that makes me feel that I have to resist crying with joy.

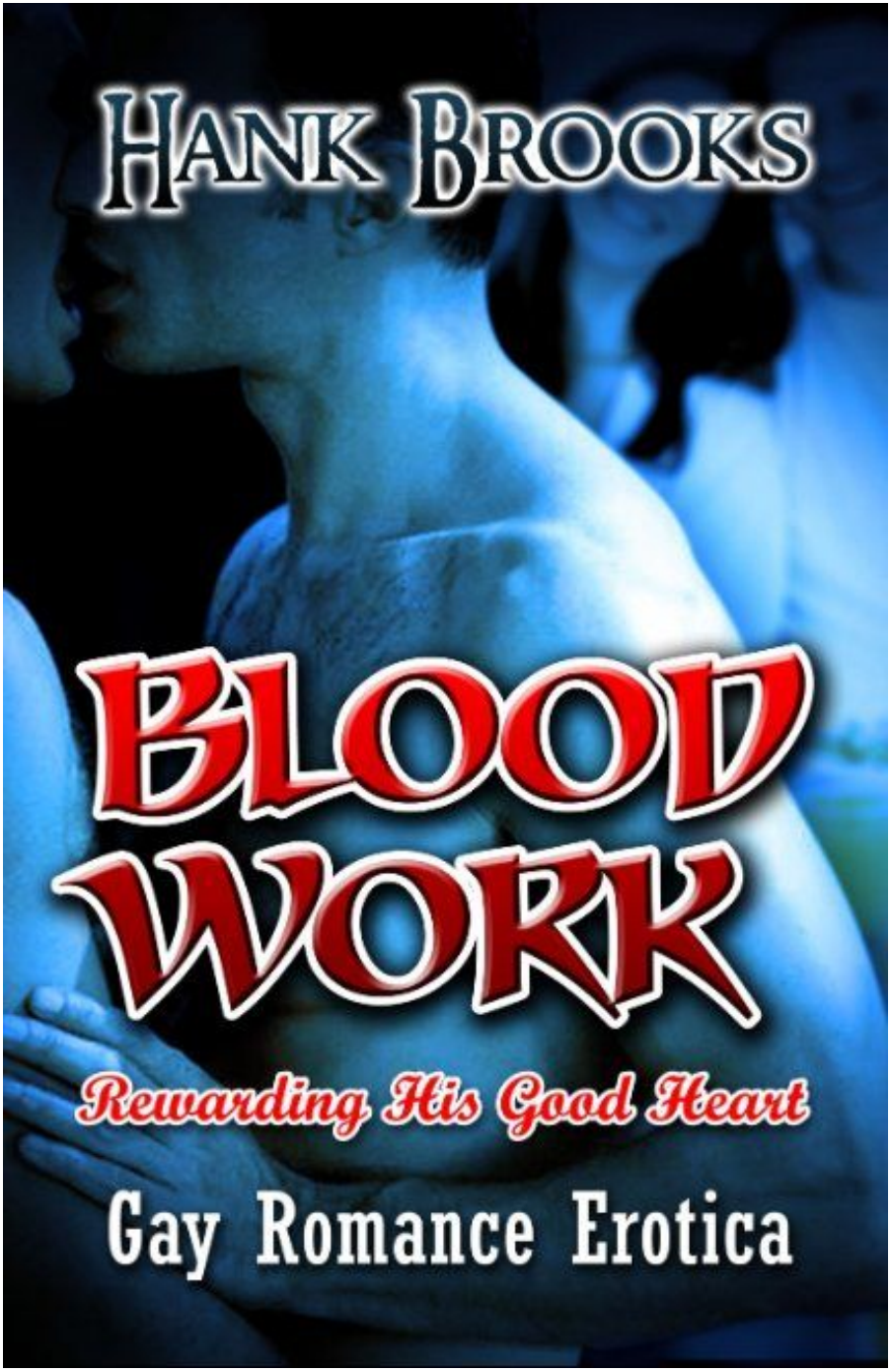
Afterwards, we cuddle in the afterglow, and Bat thanks me profusely. I try to hush him up and tell him that it is I who am thankful. We finally agree that we are both thankful.

Bat whispers in my ear, “I am very versatile. Will you fuck me next time?”

Next time! These words are music to my ears. I reward him again with my favorite expression, “Fuckin’ A.”

As I fall asleep in Bat’s arms, I think, *reaching forty is really not so bad after all. Fuckin’ A.*

The End



The handsome, thirty-one year old doctor was a pulmonologist,

who plied his trade in Los Angeles, CA. His father liked to brag jokingly that he raised a smart kid, because he was a lung doctor in a city where nobody could breathe. Cal would snap back, “I’m also a hung doctor.” That gave them both a good laugh.

The nurses at the hospital fairly swooned when he entered one of their wards. He was an even six feet tall. He had soft wavy hair, which was the golden-brown color of a crust of bread. His eyes were a deep brown. His nose was straight, and his square chin had a small cleft in it. When he smiled, he developed a small dimple on the right side of his full, rosy lips. He was single, and he spent many leisure hours working out in a gym near his apartment. The results were obvious. His muscles bulged underneath his lab coat. The aforementioned nurses, of the female persuasion, were swooning in vain. Dr. Calvin Baxter was a dedicated homosexual.

“Dedicated” may not have been a good choice of adjective. Cal was gayer in theory than in practice. He was, to be more accurate, a dedicated workaholic. His profession, and his hours in the gym, left little time for making friends and having sex. He did have one fuck buddy, whom he called upon once or twice a month. Alfie was a nice enough guy, but he had little in common with Cal. When they coupled, they satisfied their lustful needs, barely spoke, did not have a meal together, and went their separate ways. They never socialized. Alfie was happy anyway, because Cal’s cock was nine inches when aroused, and pretty hefty as well. It was the biggest penis Alfie ever had the pleasure to service and satisfy. In between meetings, Cal would whack off in the shower, if he felt the necessity, but that was only once a week at most.

Dr. Cal had one more distinguishing attribute. He had an uncommon, but not totally rare, blood type. He was B Positive. He was associated with Cedars-Sinai Hospital, and most of the doctors or staff there preferred to use B Positive blood transfusions for B Positive patients, rather than using O Positive, the universal donor blood. As a result, he was often called upon to donate blood to a needy patient. He rarely knew who got his blood and he never made inquiry.

There was one nurse on the pulmonary ward with whom Cal was particularly friendly. He had lost his own mother when he was sixteen, and Madeleine Allen reminded him a lot of her. They would have been the same age, but the resemblance ended there. Physically they were totally different. Cal’s mother had been short, blond and slightly plump. Maddie was tall, at least 5’7”. She was thin and had

dark blond hair. What made the two women so alike were their kind and sensitive natures, and the fact that they both loved Cal in a very maternal way.

Cal was making rounds one Thursday on a beautiful spring morning. Maddie was accompanying him, when suddenly she completely broke down in the middle of rounds. She was sobbing so badly that he stopped his rounds and took her aside. Lovingly, he wrapped her in his strong arms and asked her what was wrong.

"I'm sorry to be acting this way," she said. "I know how unprofessional it is. I was going to wait until after rounds to talk to you."

"Well, talk to me now," Cal said. "It seems like the appropriate time."

"It's my son Cody," she started to say, and then she could speak no more.

Cal had never met Cody, but Maddie spoke of him often. His father had died when he was in middle school, and Maddie had raised him by herself. He was very bright, and had graduated from UCLA summa cum laude a year earlier. When he applied to medical school, although Cal had never met him, he gave Maddie a glowing letter of reference for him.

Cal grew concerned. "What about him?" he asked.

"Cody needs a kidney transplant. Both of his kidneys are diseased."

"Good heavens," Cal said. "He's only twenty-three."

"He's suffered most of his life," Maddie sobbed. "I'm giving him a kidney, and Dr. Feldon and his associate have agreed to do the operations right here at Cedars."

"When will it be?" Cal was really concerned.

"That's the problem," Maddie said. "There's so much red tape, it could take another couple of months. Cody had to take a year off from med school, because he's on dialysis. He's home with me now."

“How can I help?” Cal asked sincerely.

“Cody and I are both B Positive,” Maddie said, “and I know that you are also. I was hoping you could donate a pint of blood at legal intervals, so we might have several pints by the time of the operations. I’m donating my own blood for myself as well.”

“Of course I will, Maddie. I’ll go right to the blood bank after my shift, and designate the blood for Cody.”

Maddie nearly crushed Cal with her hug. She kissed him on the cheek and said, “Let’s get back to work.”

Every Friday evening after work, Cal went home, showered, and changed into casual clothing. Then he picked up his father at his apartment, and the two bachelors went out to dinner. The day after he learned about Cody, he took time to call his father to tell him that he wanted to pick him up a half hour earlier than usual.

When George Baxter was seated and belted in Cal’s car, he asked, “How come so early this week?”

“I have to make a house call,” Cal said without further explanation, and he proceeded to set his GPS.

He pulled into Maddie Allen’s driveway, and asked his father to join him because it would take a little time. George looked a little baffled and Cal added, “I want you to meet my favorite nurse.”

“He must be quite a hunk,” George jibed facetiously. Cal ignored his father, who was constantly making fun of his gayness. Cal knew that he was only pulling his leg.

Maddie answered the door. She let them in and Cal introduced her to his father, who smiled broadly at her.

“I was really surprised when you said that you wanted to drop in this evening, Dr. Baxter,” Maddie remarked.

“Please call me Cal outside of the hospital. I wanted to meet Cody.”

“Yes, Cal, he’s dying to meet you too. He’s not on the dialysis machine right now, and he said he wanted to meet you in the living

room. He dressed for company, I'm afraid."

"He shouldn't have bothered."

"I'll call him," Maddie said.

Cody came out of his bedroom, and introductions were made. Cal thought that he was gazing at an angel. Cody was about the same height as he was. He had brown hair, blue eyes, a strong chin and a very thin, frail body. Cal thought that if the operation was a success, and Cody had the strength to build up his body, he would be a stunner. Cal was surprised at himself for being so attracted to this sick young man.

"Let's go into the kitchen," Maddie said to George, "and leave these two alone for a bit."

As soon as they were alone, Cal asked Cody "When do you go back on the dialysis machine?"

"In about four hours. Why?"

"Well, you are looking pretty fit."

"I feel pretty fit," Cody interrupted.

"I'd be honored then if you and your mother would have dinner with us tonight."

"Gee, doctor, that would be wonderful."

George and Maddie, Cal and Cody, might just as well have been seated at separate tables. Maddie was getting all of George's attention, and he was being charmed by her warm and inviting personality. Cal and Cody were busy talking about medical school, and Cody's aspirations for the future.

"I'd like to be a nephrologist one day," Cody announced.

"Of course," Cal said. "It's funny, but most every specialist I know chose his specialty because someone in his family, or he himself, had a history of the disease. When I was a kid I suffered constantly from bronchitis. I had to be hospitalized a couple of times, and now I'm a lung specialist."

Cody laughed. “Does that mean that all orthopedic surgeons were devilishly wild kids, who were constantly breaking their bones?”

That got them both laughing. Cal took Cody’s hand and held it in his own. Cal wasn’t even aware of what he had done, but Cody’s excited heart skipped a beat. After a few seconds of complete silence, Cal realized how intimate he was being with a straight man, and he ascribed Cody’s silence to being shocked at his audacity. He quickly withdrew his hand, and he said with relief, “The food’s coming.”

Cal wanted desperately to be with Cody, so he made it a habit, over the next few Fridays, of taking Maddie and Cody to dinner with him and his father. George was delighted. In fact, he asked Maddie out for a Saturday night date. She declined because she didn’t want to leave Cody alone, but she asked George to please come over for dinner, and to spend the evening with them.

All during George’s visit, Cody kept asking him to tell him everything about Cal, and George let slip that Cal was gay. A lump grew in Cody’s throat. The poor boy was a virgin. Because of his illness, he had little strength left for school, much less for sexual activity, but he knew for a certainty that he was gay. He felt no pressure to come out…yet. He began to ponder how he could let Cal know that he was gay, and that he had strong feelings for him. In the end, he decided that he would say nothing until after his transplant, and make certain that he was going to recover.

While waiting for the operation to be scheduled, Cal cajoled the pretty nurses in the blood bank to look the other way. He lied, and answered ‘no’ to the questions about homosexual activity. He knew he was healthy, and decided that a little white lie was in everyone’s best interest. If he was breaking the law, he reckoned he should go all the way, and he gave more blood than was allowed. By the time the operation was finally scheduled, there were eight pints stored for Cody, and five for Maddie’s use.

He took the morning of the operations off, and he and his father paced the waiting room. The two operations took a long time, and George told Cal that he needed to leave for a while, but he would be back soon.

Cal was not much for religion, so George didn’t want to tell him that he was going to the hospital chapel. The chapel was deserted

when he got there. He sat down in the last row, bowed his head and began to pray silently. After a few minutes, somebody sat down beside him. It was Cal. He also bowed his head and prayed along with his father. Neither said a word to the other. After a short time, they returned to the waiting room to wait for results.

Once reseated, Cal put his arm around his father's shoulder. "You really like Maddie, don't you, Dad?"

"I think I love her, Son. I haven't felt like this since I first laid eyes on your mother." He winked at Cal, and added. "You're feeling something more than a friendly interest in Cody also, aren't you?"

"I wish I didn't. I'm sure he's straight."

"I guess," George mumbled.

Just then Dr. Feldon came into the waiting room. He smiled at Cal and shook his hand. "Everything went smoothly. It was text book surgery, and they are both doing fine," he said.

George mumbled, "Thank God," and Cal just grinned.

"They're both awake and in recovery right now, but I'm sure you can see both of them by this evening."

"Thanks Dave," Cal said, grabbing Dr. Feldon's hand and pumping it hard. Father and son allowed themselves to breathe, and went out for a late lunch.

George and Cal were constant visitors to the Allens in the hospital, and then at home when they were discharged. Going into the operation, Maddie had a strong and healthy body. Her recovery was much faster than Cody's. She was back to work in five weeks. Her co-workers greeted her with several bunches of flowers. She particularly cherished the dozen red roses from George Baxter.

Cal got into the habit of stopping off at the Allens' house on his way home from work. At first Maddie and Cody had a private nurse, but after two weeks, they discharged her. It was about the same time as Cal stopped calling Alfie. Alfie was also discharged, so to speak. By the time Maddie went back to work, Cody was managing very well on his own. He was gaining weight, and his ashen complexion was beginning to get some color.

On the first Saturday evening after Maddie returned to work, George made a dinner date with her. He arrived at the same time as Cal in separate cars. Cal was carrying a bag of Chinese food.

"This is dinner for Cody and me," he announced. Cody's face lit up, and he actually blushed, giving him a healthy and beautiful look. As soon as their parents left on their date, Cody started to set the table for dinner, and of course Cal helped.

They sat down at right angles to each other and their knees touched. Neither one tried to remedy the situation, and they purposely kept bumping into each other. As Cody reached for a soup spoon to start attacking his won-ton soup, he accidently dropped it on the floor between him and Cal. Both men bent down to retrieve it at the same time and bumped heads.

"Ouch," they said in unison.

"I'm so sorry," Cal said. He fell to his knees and wrapped Cody in his arms.

"I'm fine," Cody said. "Really! Hey, man, I've got your blood in me. That practically makes me a superman."

Cal laughed. "Do you mind if I hold you anyway. It makes me feel good, and I've wanted to hold you like this since I first laid eyes on you. If I've made you totally uncomfortable, I'm sorry. I'll never do it again, but please remain my friend."

"Cal," Cody said, "you're dad told me that you are gay. I am also." He looked into Cal's face and their lips came closer and closer. Soon they were locked in a passionate dueling match. Weapons: Tongues.

Cal broke it up. "Let's eat first," he said. "You need to regain your strength. We'll talk about this later."

After dinner, they sat together on the sofa and began to "make out," as the old expression goes. "Not tonight," Cal said seriously. "I'm going to call Dr. Feldon and ask him how soon it would be safe for you to have sex."

When Cal called Dr. Feldon the next day, he was told that Cody

could have sex any time, as long as it wasn't too wild. Even so, Cal remained very constrained with Cody. They began to suck each other's cocks. Cal allowed himself to orgasm, but he wouldn't bring Cody to a climax. Cody objected, but deep down inside, he was also a little worried about how his body would react.

During the next couple of months Cody regained his strength. He put on weight, exercised in rehab, and his ashen complexion became ruddy and healthy. His new kidney showed no signs of rejection. The proof that all was going well, was how pleased Dr. Feldon was. Cody even arranged to return to medical school to begin his second year.

Cody and Cal made real love to each other just before Cody returned to school. They had begun to fondle and caress before this, but Cal had refrained from allowing Cody to orgasm. Now four months after surgery, they went all out. Cal brought Cody to his bachelor pad for the first time. They both undressed slowly and just stared at each other, without touching, for a long time. They admired what they saw. They were both cut and had firm, fat erections. Cody was about seven inches long. Finally Cal took Cody's hand and led him into the shower. They cleansed each other's bodies for what seemed like forever.

Cal took hold of Cody's cock and began to caress and stroke it gently. When it was slick and scummy with soap, Cal directed Cody to fuck him. Cody slipped in rather easily. Cal was leaning against a wall, and his ass was jutting out invitingly. Cody wrapped himself around Cal's body and began to pump slowly as he stroked Cal's cock. It didn't take the love starved young medical student long to cum. He wailed loudly and clutched Cal harder.

"Stay in as long as possible," Cal instructed. "I want you in me forever. I love you so much."

"I love you too," Cody sobbed in Cal's ear.

Of course, Cody couldn't stay in too much longer, as he was growing limp. When he fell out of Cal, they reversed position. Cody was a virgin and it was more difficult for Cal to enter him. Undaunted, Cody urged him on, and finally he was all the way in, and neither man was moving. Cal could feel Cody's body relaxing so he began to pump. Unfortunately he came after just a few strokes, unable to constrain his emotions.

“That was fantastic,” Cody announced, and Cal made a silent resolution to attempt to delay his orgasms as long as possible.

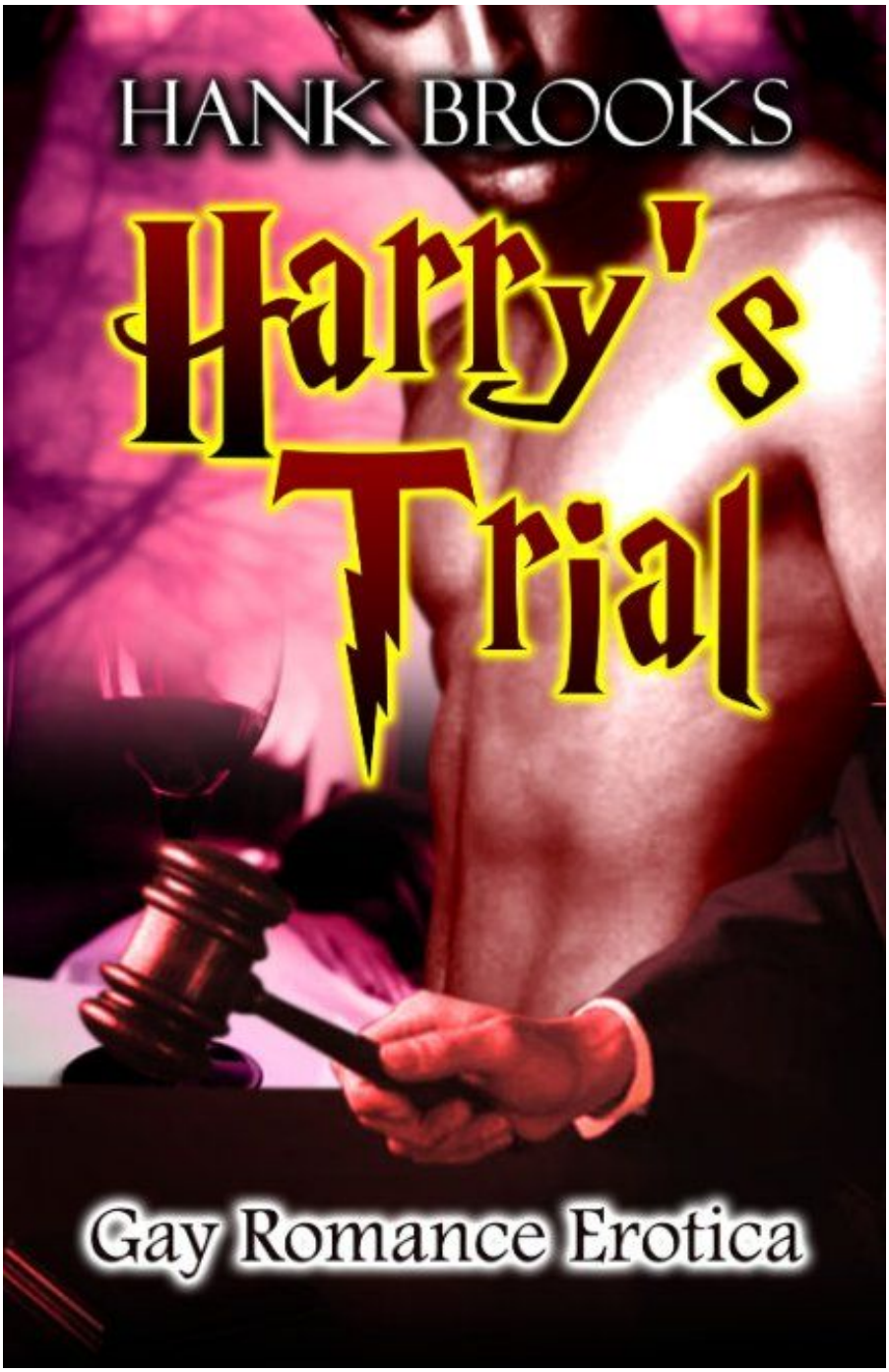
After the shower, they dried off and got into bed. Their intention was to fondle and cuddle for a while, and then Cal would take Cody home. But they fell asleep and Cody spent the night in Cal’s bed.

One week after Cody completed his second year of medical school, he walked his mother down the aisle. Cal acted as his father’s best man. Standing beside their parents as the minister united them in holy matrimony, Cal and Cody beamed at each other. They couldn’t be happier.

At the small reception after the ceremony, Cal whispered in Cody’s ear, “We’re brothers now. How would you like to engage in a little incest later?”

“Now that’s what I call a plan,” Cody answered, “I can’t wait for later.” He kissed Cal in front of God and all the wedding guests.

The End



The thirty-something, very undistinguished looking gentleman,

was waiting to be called to the witness stand. Nevertheless, when he heard his name called, he was startled, and he jumped out of his seat. Against his attorney's advice, he had elected to testify in his own defense.

Now that he had actually been called, his life seemed to collapse around him. All his energy was sapped, and he could barely struggle with his body in its effort to walk to the witness stand. It took a monumental effort to step up onto the raised platform, swivel the chair around, and take a seat. No sooner did he sit down, then the bailiff asked him to stand again while he administered the oath. That took another major effort.

He heard the bailiff's voice. "State your name for the records please."

"My name is Harold Hampton."

Finally he was seated and ready for whatever would come. He took a deep breath and glanced furtively at the female judge, who was shuffling through some papers. He couldn't help wonder if a male judge would be more sympathetic.

He heard his attorney's voice. "Did you kill your wife, Mr. Hampton?" He was taken by surprise. He had expected the question, but not so quickly, and not right at the beginning of his testimony. He gasped and tried to regain his composure.

"Yes sir. I killed her while I was trying to defend myself. It was an accident."

"You say you accidently killed her while trying to defend yourself?" His attorney made the question sound like he didn't believe him. Whose side was he on anyway? "That's very interesting, Mr. Hampton. I would like you to tell the court the circumstances which led up to this accidental death. But before you do, I would like to introduce two pictures into evidence." He glanced at the judge. "One picture was taken at Mr. Hampton's wedding, and the other was taken two months before Iris Hampton's death."

The prosecution objected. It was expected that they would object to every motion presented by the defense. The defense had done the same to the prosecution.

"Where are you going with this, Mr. Jancowski?" the judge asked.

"I'd like to show the jury that Mrs. Hampton had put on tons of weight since her wedding, and was perfectly capable of being physically abusive to her husband. He weighed less than half of what she did at the time of her death."

"Overruled," she informed the prosecutor, "Let me see the pictures." Iris was a wisp of a thing in the wedding picture, and a big fat sloppily dressed woman in the second picture. The judge was slim and pretty, and Harold could actually see her wince when she looked at the second picture. She instructed the bailiff to show the pictures to the jury. They had the same reaction the judge had, especially the men. He hoped that weighed in his favor. No pun intended.

The judge nodded her head at Mr. Jancowski.

"OK." He said to Harry. "Tell us the circumstances of your wife's accidental death."

Harry sat back in his chair, and allowed himself to relax for the first time since his trial began. Until now all the witnesses had testified against him, especially Iris's family. They asserted that he completely ignored his ailing wife, and let her shift for herself, even though she was bed ridden. Now he had his moment in court.

His mind quickly reviewed the years from the happy youth he was when he met Iris, to the miserable human being he had become throughout their years of marriage. He began to edit his life, trying to figure out what was appropriate to reveal to the jury in order to gain their sympathy, and what events he should leave out.

***

Harry Hampton was a true cellophane man. He grew to be a skinny, 5'8", brown haired, brown eyed, weak chinned man. He wasn't bad looking, but he didn't have a face that would make anyone look twice either. He went through high school with a C+ grade average, and did not participate in any after school activities. A few girls caught his eye, but when he got up the courage to ask for a date, they turned him down. After a while, he just stopped asking.

Harry had one really close friend, Jimmy Potter, who was just

as non-distinct as Harry was. Like Harry he wasn't bad looking, but he just didn't have any charisma, nor would he demand any attention. He was an inch taller than Harry. His hair was a shade lighter than Harry's, and his eyes were a dark blue. His luck with the ladies was just as bad as Harry's was.

In college, they began to indulge in homosexual activity as often as they could, and they continued it into college, where they were roommates. To be fair, neither of the two boys considered the possibility that they might be gay. They were merely using each other for gratification, but only until the "real thing" came along, that is to say, the right girl.

By the time they were juniors, both boys filled out, grew to their adult heights, and spent some dollars on stylish haircuts and stylish tight fitting jeans. Girls actually began to talk to them.

Jimmy was the first to stop wanting gay sex. He started dating a freshman co-ed when he was a senior. She was kind of cute, but more importantly she put out, and a lot. She wanted even more sex than Jimmy could give her, but he managed to keep up with her by definitely excluding Harry from his love life. It wasn't long before they were talking about marriage.

Harry met Iris in his senior year at a party in the student union. She had just come to the university to do graduate work in nursing. She was just under a year older than Harry. She wasn't pretty, but she was exuberant and perky. Her bubbly personality overwhelmed Harry. He was unprepared for her aggressiveness toward wanting to have sex with him, and he foolishly mistook her for the "real thing."

They were married after Iris got her MS in nursing. Harry was already working in the accounting department of a large manufacturing company. Iris got a job at a nearby teaching hospital as a nursing supervisor and trainer. Between them, they made a very good living, and their life style was free and easy. They had fun together and life was good. In spite of it all, Harry often longed for the sex he had with Jimmy. He sometimes pretended Iris was Jimmy when they were making love. He wondered if Jimmy had the same feelings, but he would never ask.

The change in Iris took place slowly over the first five years of their marriage. At first Harry didn't even notice it. One morning

when they were dressing, Iris was having trouble with a zipper. She asked Harry to zip her up. He struggled, and suddenly the zipper ripped away from her nurse's uniform. Harry realized that Iris was putting on weight. She always had a better appetite than he did, and she always ate more than he did, but he marveled that she never gained weight. That seemed suddenly to be changing. For a moment Harry was elated. Maybe she was pregnant. That thought evaporated quickly. Suddenly Iris began to yell at him. It was uncharacteristic for her to raise her voice or use profanity, but she did.

"Fucking idiot! Fucking oaf! You ripped my favorite uniform. Can't you do anything right?" Harry stood looking at her dumbfounded. Unused to such awful behavior from her, and not knowing what to do, he finished dressing and left the house. He decided that he would have breakfast at a Burger King near his office that morning until Iris simmered down a bit. After Harry left, Iris went into her closet and found a white wrap around dress that wasn't even a uniform. Nonetheless she wore it to work that day.

She never did simmer down. She was gaining weight rapidly, and she knew it. Instead of getting a hold of her unhealthy eating habits, she ate more and more of her fatty junk foods. The unhappier she became, the more she ate. She was never without a bag of junk food in her hand.

She blamed Harry for all her misery. Their sex life slowed to a crawl, and at some point, when Iris's weight exceeded 250 pounds, Harry wouldn't have slept with her if he could. The sweat built up between the folds of her skin and she always smelled foul, no matter if she had just showered. She took up so much of their bed that Harry finally moved into the guest bedroom. He whacked off almost every night dreaming of Jimmy.

Their once tranquil home became a battle zone. From the minute they got home from work, she blamed him for all her miseries. Everything was his fault. Harry became the chief cook and bottle washer. Iris was just too fat to do anything around the house. Eventually she lost her job. Now, in addition to working all day, Harry had to wait on Iris hand and foot, prepare their meals and clean the house. All the while he heard her on the phone complaining to her mother what a useless oaf he was. Harry didn't know what road to turn up next, until fate intervened.

His boss wanted to hire a new assistant for Harry. The

business was growing fast, and Harry was growing with it. He was now the manager of the finance department. Estefan Lopez, a drop dead gorgeous Latino, had been working for the city in the audit department. His pay was low and his job was a dead end rut. He was looking for a better opportunity. He was only four years younger than Harry, and Harry's heart almost stopped beating during the interview. In fact, at one point, Harry lost some of his pent up restraint, when at the end of the interview, Estefan said, "Look sir, I'm gay, and if that's an issue, I'll leave right now. I want to be open and above board about it so we won't have any problems down the pike."

Harry only hesitated for an instant. He winked at Estefan and said, "That's no issue at all. The job is yours." He left Estefan wondering about the wink. They shook hands on their new relationship and Estefan said, "Everybody calls me Steve, Mr. Hampton."

"Everybody calls me Harry, Steve."

Harry could not bear going home after work, and he found excuses to work late with Steve. Steve didn't seem to mind at all. They even began having dinner together after work. When Harry got home and Iris ranted for hours about how he didn't give a shit for her, he just kept silent. At some point, Iris usually passed out from booze, and eventually Harry went to bed with her vile words ringing in his ears.

One night at dinner, Harry told Steve about his life with Iris and how miserable he was. Steve put his hand on Harry's in sympathy. An electric shock went through Harry's body. He got bolder. "I was homosexual all through high school and most of college," he blurted out. He stared at Steve and waited for a reaction.

Steve closed his hand tighter on Harry's. "I thought so," he said. "I've always felt you were a gay man crying to come out. I'm really glad about it Harry, because I'm very fond of you." He squeezed tighter. "It would be great if you came home with me tonight."

Harry never thought of Iris once as he and Steve made love. He couldn't believe how good Steve's cum tasted. He had never liked Jimmy's jism much. He stayed as long as he could and reluctantly left at midnight. He went into Iris's room to check on her. She was snoring away, and the stench of wine on her breath was unmistakable.

The next morning she resumed her tirade. She called him an inconsiderate son of a bitch, because she had to make her own dinner, and he certainly knew how hard it was for her to get out of bed. When she demanded to know what time he came home, he said that he came home early, but she was sound asleep. He told her that he cleaned the dishes and went right to bed. As he left for work, her final words were, "You never think about me, just yourself, you selfish bastard. You better get home in time to make me dinner tonight."

Nice, he thought. Her bedside table was fully stocked with junk food, designed to last more than one month for a normal person. Harry thought, *it'll be gone by noon.*

The next day at work, Harry and Steve acted like nothing had happened between them, but about ten o'clock Harry went to the men's room. Steve followed him in. He locked the door behind him and grabbed Harry's crotch. Harry moaned as the two men kissed passionately. Then they peed and went back to their desks.

After that, Harry spent as much time with Steve as he could. There was no denying how much they loved each other. Steve kept pressuring Harry to leave Iris and move in with him. He kept pointing out that if Harry wasn't around, she would get out of bed and fend for herself. It might be the best thing that could happen for her. Still Harry wasn't convinced, and he continued to take all her abuse. At the same time he could overhear her on the phone telling anyone who would listen, that he never did a thing for her.

The final straw came one night when Harry was sound asleep in the guest bedroom. Iris threw open his door, and all four hundred pounds of her (or more) waddled in. She was naked, drunk, and she had a wine bottle in her hand. She placed the bottle on the dresser and fell on top of him. That woke him up quick enough.

"Fuck me," she demanded.

Harry was appalled. She smelled of sweat and booze. He could also smell the foul, fishy odor of her pussy. Even though his stomach was empty, he started to heave.

"I gotta go to the bathroom," he yelled. Iris rolled over slightly, enough to release him. He ran to the bathroom and locked the door. He managed not to barf, but he had to rinse his mouth with

a mouthwash to get rid of the taste of his own bile.

He stayed there a very long time, but he knew that eventually he would have to come out. When he did, Iris was snoring away in his bed. He started to hyperventilate. He knew that he had to get out of there in order to save his life.

***

"What happened next?" Mr. Jancowski asked.

"There was a small suitcase under the bed. I grabbed it and just started filling it up with a few things. Suddenly Iris yelled at me, *what are you doing?*

"I'm getting out of here, I sobbed. Iris jumped out of bed. It was the fastest I'd seen her move in years. She ran out of the room. Seconds later, I felt her full weight on me. I could barely breathe. She rolled me onto my back, and I could see a kitchen knife coming at me, straight at my throat."

"What did you do next?" Jancowski interrupted.

"I reached up and grabbed her wrist. I was able to slow the descent of the knife, but not stop it altogether. She was just too strong, and I was having trouble breathing. Somehow I mustered all my strength and twisted her wrist. The knife was now aimed at her neck. I was running out of breath. With my last bit of strength I pushed up against her, trying to get a breath of air. As I did that, she seemed to lose her balance. She tried to weigh down heavier on me, and I pushed up harder. She was very drunk and unsteady, and somehow her head fell into the knife."

Jancowski waited a long time before speaking. The court room was silent. The jurors were trying to gauge the truth of what Harry had just sworn to. I'm sure they had a clear picture of a 400 pound Iris lying on top of his 150 pounds.

"I have no further questions," he said, and sat down.

The prosecutor approached the witness stand. He stood half facing the witness and half facing the jury.

"Isn't it true, Mr. Hampton, that you are homosexual?" he

asked abruptly. Harry was stunned. He and Steve, and before that, he and Jimmy, had been very discreet. *He knows nothing, and is just trying to trap me,* Harry thought.

Harry still didn't think of himself as gay, and he answered, "No, I am not. You've seen her picture, sir. Don't you agree that she could have turned any man gay?"

The jurors roared with laughter. The prosecutor was not amused. "Isn't it true that you murdered your wife to be with a male lover?"

"No, it's not true. It happened just like I said," Harry mumbled with a sob in his voice. "If you want to know if she made my life a living hell, the answer is yes. But if you want to know if I planned to murder her, the answer is a resounding NO!" Harry looked at the jury. "No!" he repeated. The jury believed him, and the prosecutor knew it. He asked a dozen inane questions, but he couldn't shake Harry's story one iota. He finally looked at the judge and said. "I have no further questions for this pervert."

Jancowski objected, and the remark was stricken from the records, but it was enough to incense a good part of the jury. The prosecutor had just cooked his own goose.

"Mr. Prior," the judge fumed. "I will not permit that kind of talk in my court room."

"Yes, your honor. I apologize."

Mr. Jancowski then called a police forensic expert to the stand. He testified that the only finger prints found on the knife were Iris Hampton's. This was consistent with Harry's story that he never touched the knife. You could tell in cross examination that Mr. Prior had lost his steam.

"Could Mr. Hampton have wiped his prints off the knife and left only Mrs. Hamptons?" he asked limply.

The forensic expert actually started to laugh. "That would have been impossible without wiping off her prints as well. Besides, when the body was found she was gripping the knife so strongly, we had to pry it out of her hand. The defendant would have found it impossible to wrap her hand around the knife so tightly after her

death."

Jancowski also called several character witnesses including Steve. Mr. Prior started to ask Steve if he was gay, but Jancowski objected, and the judge warned him "for the last time" that his question was inappropriate. His cross examination was tepid. All Steve had testified was that Harry was a kind and caring boss, and kept his home life to himself, never discussing it at work. There was little Prior could do to break down his evaluation about his boss.

The defense rested. Closing statements were made, and the jury began its deliberation. It took them less than two hours to bring in a verdict of not guilty.

Harry was in his own home that very night. In the front hall he found a basket with several bottles of wine and champagne. The accompanying note read: *Congratulations. We never doubted you. Take a few days off and come back to the office when you are ready. We need you. Best regards, John F. Manning.* John was the company's CEO.

Steve had arranged to have the bedroom cleaned of all the gory blood stains. He also had it repainted and recarpeted. Nobody could tell that anything so horrible had occurred here. The room was decorated with Steve's taste. After all, when a decent time would pass, he intended to move in with Harry.

***

He stayed there a very long time, but he knew that eventually he would have to come out. When he did, Iris was snoring away in his bed. He started to hyperventilate. He knew that he had to get out of there in order to save his life.

He dressed silently and ran out. He drove directly to Steve's apartment. It took a few minutes for his persistent knocking to wake up Steve. It took no longer to tell Steve what had happened.

"You left her in a drunken stupor?" Steve asked.

"As usual!" Harry said rolling his eyes. "I could go back in the morning. She won't even know that I'm gone."

"No," Steve said. "We're going back now. I'll follow you in my car, but I'll park a block away. Leave the front door open for me."

"What are you going to do?"

"You'll see."

They entered Harry's house silently and went into the kitchen. Steve put on a pair of rubber gloves that he had brought with him. He asked Harry where he kept the knives, and he removed a serrated steak knife.

They crept into Harry's bedroom. Iris was snoring away nearly at the edge of the bed. She was practically comatose. Steve got behind her and pushed her off the bed. She landed on the floor, awakened for a second, and fell asleep again. Steve placed the knife in her hand, and wrapped her fist around it. Strangely, she took a strong grip on it. Holding her wrist, he plunged the knife into her throat.

Harry watched the whole scene. He was aghast and frozen in place, yet he approved. Steve told him to lie on the floor. It was difficult, but he got Iris's body on top of Harry.

"Now wiggle her off of you. Give me five minutes to get on the road, and call the police. This is what you are going to tell them." He laid out the whole scenario. Then he took the suitcase from under the bed and put a few of Harry's items in it. Harry lay sobbing beside the body. He was scared to death. He waited ten minutes before he called the police.

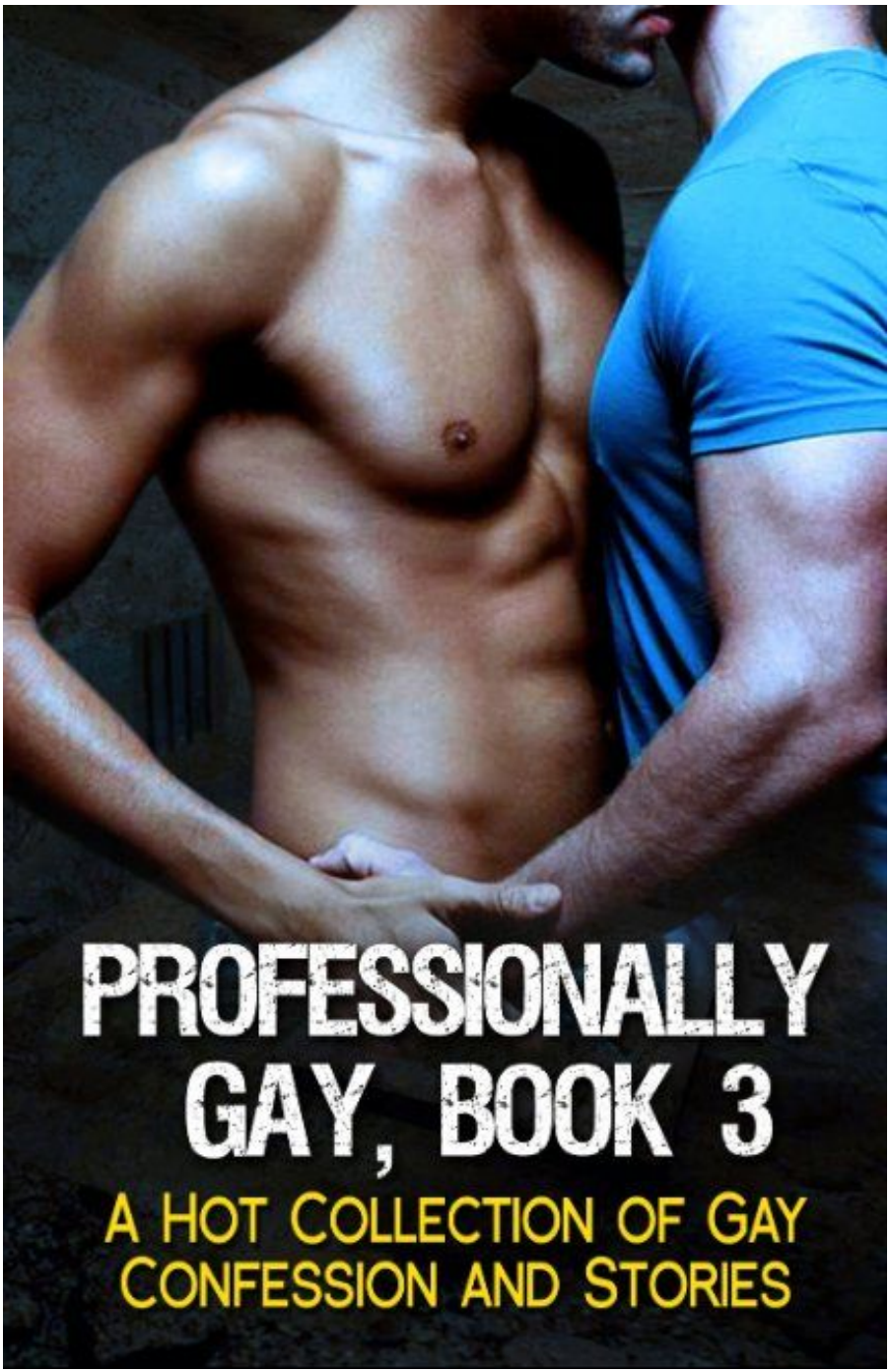
***

Some people might complain that Harry and Steve got away with murder. Even though stories aren't supposed to end that way, just imagine how many people get away with murder every day.

Anyway, for what it's worth, Iris's murder was justifiable in my eyes. Think about it. If a person chooses to ruin and waste away her life, why should she be allowed to ruin the lives of everyone around her? It just isn't fair. In my opinion, justice was served.

The End

Here is a sample from another story you may enjoy: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